

PIONEER

January
-
February
-
1992

Volume 39
Number 1



MEET UTAH'S OTHER PIONEERS!

The Explorer



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The Outlaw



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- The Big Muddy (United Order)
- Utah's Canyon Country (John Wesley Powell)
- Land of Three Heritages (Carbon County)
- Hole-in-the-Rock (Final destination - Bluff)
- Butch Cassidy's Trail
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PIONEER

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January - February 1992

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Lewis B. Murdock *Editor*
Florence Youngberg *Production & Rewrite*

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Cindy Toronto	<i>Custodian</i>

Old Cemetery Plot

By Leland F. Friday
Brigham Young Chapter

Allen Humes, working closely with the Duchesne County officials, has been restoring an old cemetery plot in the northwest area of Fruitland, Utah. Roads and fences are planned to preserve this cemetery as a sacred spot.

He has found several of his own family graves. However, there are other graves that need to be properly identified.

If anyone knows of any person who was buried there, please contact:

Allen Humes
535 North 300 East
American Fork, Utah 84003
Phone: (801) 756-7821

1992 SEMINAR TRAINING MEETING

Coming up on the 11th of January, 1992 is our Annual Training Seminar for the officers and boards of the various chapters and the national board.

It will be held at the National building - 3301 East 2920 South in Salt Lake City. We encourage all chapter officers and board members to plan to attend with their wives.

The National Board members will meet from 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. The General Meeting and Registration plus socializing, will be noon to 12:30 p.m. The Combined Meeting with wives is 12:30 p.m. to 2:20 p.m.

We will separate for the Men's and Women's meetings at 2:30 p.m. The ladies will stay upstairs and the men will move downstairs. A well known chorus will provide both song and talks for the ladies program. This will be an exceptional program and one the ladies won't want to miss. It will go until 4:20 p.m.

The men will meet during the same period. There will be several different areas of training and information which will be discussed at this meeting that will help the officers conduct the affairs of their chapters in a more productive way. Dinner will be at 5:00 p.m. This will be a catered dinner and the cost will be \$10.00 per person. Reservations for the dinner must be made by January 6th, 1992. The money should be sent into the national office by that date.

Those who want a box lunch should include \$5.00 extra for each lunch. It will include chicken, salad, roll, drink and desert.

Remember that all National Board members and their wives and all Chapter Board members and their wives are invited and encouraged to attend.

Remember that all reservation and lunch money should be into the office no later than January 6th. □

About the Cover

Karl Malone, defended by Celtic's Larry Bird, goes for the basket.

Inserts: top, Bill Daniels; center, Sam D. Battistone; bottom, Larry H. Miller.

These three men along with the Utah Jazz basketball players will be honored for Pioneering Professional Basketball in Utah. (story on page 6)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Another year has just passed with the greatest of success. A year that proves to us all that it's the set of the sail and not the gale that determines the course we take. I congratulate President Ken Rasmussen and his board for a year that has been oriented toward proper goals with a motivating force to succeed.

In the year 1992 we will continue to set goals by getting more members involved, for he who gets ten men to work is better than he who does the work of ten men. Each Chapter President needs to know the benefits of delegation. It gives effective assignments of work to others. It shares the work and the benefits of delegation develops the skills of others and increases productivity. It gives leaders more time and establishes an atmosphere of trust.

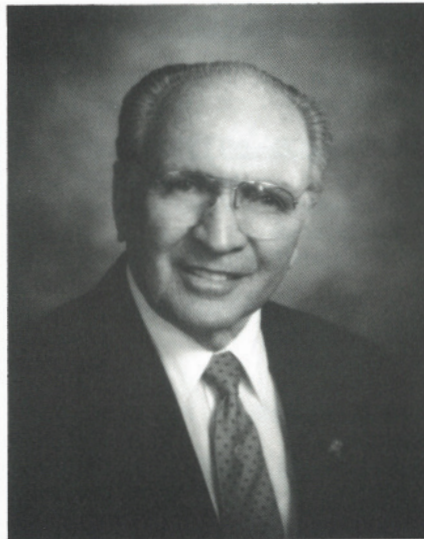
This year, as much as possible, we will talk more about the mission of the S.U.P. organization for reasons that I sincerely believe we need. We should not forget to persevere, foster and promote by worthy endeavor, the heritage of the pioneers of the State of Deseret and the State of Utah, along with the histories of the chapters and their pioneers in other states.

Remember, there are those many rare people who never lose their curiosity, their almost child-like wonder of the world; those people who continue to learn and to grow intellectually until the day they die. And there usually are the people who make the contributions, who leave some part of the world a little better off than it was before they entered it. In other words, there is no limit to what can be accomplished if it doesn't matter who gets the credit.

Sometimes we pay a heavy price for our fear of failure. There is no learning without some difficulty and fumbling and if we want to keep on learning we must keep on risking failure all our lives.

Remember, that success is always under construction so let's roll up our sleeves and go to work and make this an even better year.

Morris P. Bennion, *National President*



President Morris P. Bennion

No one will get out of this world alive.

Resolve therefore to maintain a sense of values.

Take care of yourself.

Good health is everyone's major source of wealth.

Without it, happiness is almost impossible.

Resolve to be cheerful and helpful.

People will repay you in kind.

Avoid angry, abrasive persons.

They are generally vengeful.

Avoid zealots.

They are generally humorless.

Resolve to listen more and to talk less.

No one ever learns anything by talking.

Be chary of giving advice.

Wise men don't need it and fools won't heed it.

Resolve to be tender with the young,

compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving and tolerant of the weak and the wrong.

Sometime in life you will have been all of these. Do not equate money with success.

There are many successful money-makers

Who are miserable failures as human beings.

What counts most about success is how a man achieves it.

LET'S PLAY PIONEERS!

by Montell Seely

I love to play pioneers, don't you? Why, when I was a little boy, I'd take my shovel and my little "hand-me-down red wagon-well, it had been red when it was new, but by the time I got it, the color was only a memory, and the wagon was held together with baling wire-and go out on the hills behind our corral, building roads and playing pioneers.

While the other boys were playing "Cops 'N' Robbers," I'd go out on "my" hills and pretend I was crossing the plains. I'd build dugways around the side hills, and using old boards from my Dad's scrap pile, I'd build bridges across the gullies. If I could get others to go with me, we'd have a great time; but if not, I was perfectly happy to go it alone.

Now I have a big wagon, pulled by a team of horses, and I can play pioneers in fine style - do it more like the real thing. And that's what we are going to do at the 1992 SUP Encampment. We are going on a pioneer Trek down the Jeppson Trail - with real covered wagons, teams of horses, handcarts, saddle horses - (since we are not all young and stout like we used to be, we'll "fudge" a little and also use 4-wheel drive air conditioned vans.) Each one of you can choose your mode of transportation.

Before I go down any more lines, I want to tell you why our road is called the Jeppson Trail. We had to find a route for our wagon train to go from Woodpile Bench down into Big Valley, thence through South Pass and into Little Valley. Once we got into Little Valley, we'd pick up a well-traveled road and follow it the rest of the way. If we couldn't find a way down off Wood-pile Bench, we were "dead in the water," as the saying goes.

I was layin' out the plans to Dave Jeppson-he's an old timer 80 years old, who still goes out ridin' his favorite horse, Sheik. Well, Brother Jeppson-Oh yes, he's our Stake Patriarch too. He's the kind of person you think of when you think of a patriarch.

Anyway, I was layin' out the plan for our wagon trek, an' I says, "We've got to find a way ta get down off Wood-pile Bench."

He says to me, "I know just the route. We'll saddle up our horses an' I'll show you."

So we did. Hence, I named it the Jeppson Trail. It's an old road-I don't

Subtract hard work from life, and in a few months it will have gone to pieces. Labor, next to the grace of God in the heart, is the greatest promoter of morality, the greatest power for civilization.

-S C. Armstrong.

know the origin- maybe it was first used to go up in the cedars and get wood. In modern times, a seismograph outfit used a bulldozer to make it into a good wide road. But it was never used much. There was an easier route that became a paved road, so the Jeppson Trail was used only by deer hunters and cowboys. But that made it the ideal route for our wagon trek.

A seldom-used road – a road with almost the exact conditions that the pioneers faced. Due to the long years of neglect, the road was washed out in a place or two, but that was perfect. On our trek we'd have to stop and repair the road-just like the pioneers!

All of you have been organizers, so you know that problems ALWAYS arise. The 1992 Encampment is no exception. We are having the usual problems. Some of them are secret, but I'll share one with you: The road on Woodpile Bench and down through Big Valley, through South Pass and into Little Valley is a public road. It comes to the Huntington Canal, and there is a new road, that goes along the canal right-of-way, which we can follow over to the paved road, and then on into Castle Dale. But there is a better route – one that would take us all the way to Castle Dale and not have to travel on any paved road. The problem is, it crosses private land; there are four owners. I talked to three, and they said "Yes," talked to the fourth one, who leases a parcel of private land in Little Valley, and he said "No." I was disappointed; that took the wind out of my sails. I had my tail between my legs when I left his place.

Our Trek would be a lot better if we didn't have to follow the canal right-of-way to the paved road. But as you all know, things very seldom go as dreamed.

Well, the months went by, and one day I was talking to our local Newspaper Editor. I told him about our Encampment plans, and he got excited about it. He printed an article on the front page. The article told how we planned to come down through Little Valley. Well, my friend, who had said "No," read the article. When he read that we were going down through Little Valley, he naturally thought I was planning to go across his land. He called my place and talked to my wife. When I came in for dinner, she told me he had called. I went right over to his place. I anticipated his reaction.

He said, "I read in the paper where you are going to take your wagon trek

down through Little Valley."

I answered, "Yes, we'll come down the old road until we hit the Huntington Canal road, and then follow it over to the paved road."

He said, "Oh well, I guess I can't do anything about that. When I read in the paper that you were going through Little Valley, I assumed you were planning to go across my land.

I shook my head, "No."

We talked for awhile and then I left-again with my head down and "tail tucked under."

I'm still hoping that before we go on the Trek-August 7, 1992 – he'll have a change of heart. But we'll still have the Trek even if we have to follow the paved road.

As you can readily see, we need to know how many of you want to ride in a covered wagon, or ride in a 4-wheel van, or pull a handcart- so that we can arrange for these conveyances. We realize that your plans may have to change between now and next August, but we NEED to hear from you.

If you are planning to play pioneers with us, please write to CASTLE VALLEY CHAPTER, Sons of Utah Pioneers, c/o Montell Seely, P.O. Box 934, Castle Dale, UTAH 84513. □

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Grace Ebert	3	BH
Ross Wilhelmsen	1	BH

NEW MEMBERS Since October 15, 1991

Heber Baumgartner	BH
Ray N. Baumgartner	CC
D. Scott Beazer	Me
Steven A. Boshard	GAS
J. Ralph Bown	SD
Michael J. Carter	SD
Robert H. Crookston	Oq Mt
Ned Judson Henderson	RR
Blaine J. Kay	SD
James C. Otteson	AL
Richard B. Ottesen	Og Pi
Howard A. Matthews	SD
Robert G. Pedersen	AL
Louis James Rasmussen	AL
Louis Avery Roberts	TP
Grahame Thomas Smallwood, Jr.	AL
Soren J. Sorensen	EMC
Jerry Duane Wells	EMC
Clair Williamsen	BH
F. Wayne Smith	BY

LIFE MEMBERS

2346 Bruce Decker	CC
2347 David L. Stone	CC
2348 Leo Ken Hendrickson	TMV
2349 R. Clarence Foy	CM
2350 Allen Parkinson	SC
2351 James H. Millick	E.Sie
2352 Artie J. Henderson	Oq Mt
2353 Ralph Stef fensen Cannon	SD
2354 Wilford Dimond Richards	JRT
2355 William H. Child	Hol
2356 Ray Leland Carter	Pal
2357 John C. Wood	SH
2358 Howard Christian Lane	ME
2359 Steven A. Boshard	GAS
2360 Horace A. Christensen	Pal
2361 Kendon Anderson	Pal
2362 Raymond D. Pulsipher	Pal
2363 Smith Ben Griffin	Me

TILE

1101 Prescott & Sarah Hardy	BH
1102 Blaine & Gretchen Covington	Oq Mt
1103 Brent & Tenesa Rasmussen	JRT
1104 Dale Rasmussen	JRT
1105 Richard & Joyanne Vincent	JRT
1106 Craig & Pamela Rasmussen	JRT
1107 Thayne & Christine Rasmussen	JRT
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1109 Moses & Vickie Ann Demsley	JRT
1110 Scott & Annette Broadhead	JRT
1111 Kenneth & Elsie Rasmussen	JRT

MODERN PIONEER AWARDS DINNER

February 18, 1992



Lee M. Brower

A Modern Pioneer Awards Dinner, sponsored by the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers on Tuesday, February 18, 1992 will honor three distinguished achievers in Utah's professional basketball.

General chairman for the event is Lee M. Brower, President, Brower Financial Services, Inc. of Salt Lake City.

Assisting him and also serving as Director of Public Relations for the SUP National Society is David Allred, Vice President in charge of public relations and special events for the Utah Jazz.

Honored at the dinner will be:

Bill Daniels, owner of the Utah

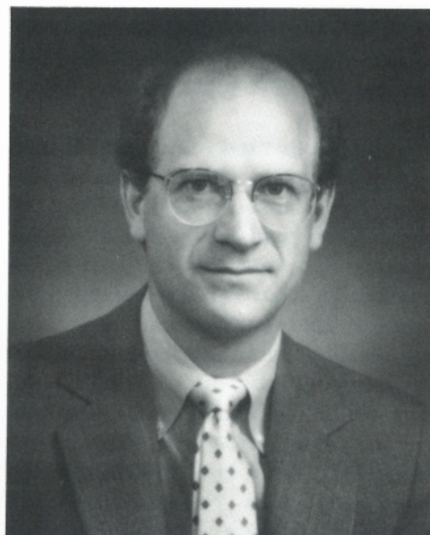
Stars who won the National championship of the professional American Basketball Association in 1971. After the ABA folded in midseason several years later, Mr. Daniels personally paid all season ticket holders for the unused value of their tickets, plus interest.

Sam D. Battistone, majority owner of the Jazz franchise of the National Basketball Association (NBA) who moved the franchise to Salt Lake City from New Orleans in 1979. For a number of years his leadership kept the franchise operating in Utah despite critical financial challenges.

Larry H. Miller, who purchased 50 percent of the Jazz franchise from Mr. Battistone in 1985. Just over a year later, he bought the remaining portion of the franchise. He saved the team from a possible move out of the state. In 1990-1991, against great odds, he built the new home of the Utah Jazz: the 20,000-seat Delta Center.

The awards feature a 12-inch bronze statuette of a Utah Pioneer with a plow, sculpted by Jerry Anderson of Leeds, Utah. Each statuette will be mounted on a 6-inch hardwood base with metal inscription. The statuettes are titled "Breaking Ground." Jerry Anderson has twice won "Best of Show" in sculptures at the prestigious Western Artists of America annual exhibition.

The dinner will be held at the Salt Lake Marriott Hotel. The dinner will be




David Allred

preceded by a reception at 6 p.m., at which guests will be able to meet the honorees. The dinner will follow at 7 p.m.

Admission to the dinner is \$50.00 a plate. Tables of 10 may be purchased for \$500 a table. Tables at which a celebrity and his partner will be seated range from \$1,000 to \$3,000. Eight places are available at the celebrity tables.

Reservations may be made by phoning, writing, or visiting:

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TWO NATIONAL TREKS ANNOUNCED FOR 1992

Ken Rasmussen, newly appointed Trek Chairman says mark your Calendar and plan now for one or both of these marvelous tours.

#1 CALGARY STAMPEDE & NATIONAL PARKS TOUR June 29 - July 5

With your fellow SUP friends, enjoy one of the most exciting outdoor shows in all the world - the CALGARY STAMPEDE with its famous CHUCKWAGON RACES & OUTDOOR STAGE SPECTACULAR. RODEO & PARADE.

Add to this, fabulous GLACIER NATIONAL PARK and the GOING TO THE SUN HIGHWAY tour, beautiful WATERTON NATIONAL PARK, awe-inspiring BANFF NATIONAL PARK, and shimmering LAKE LOUISE, a unique adventure on a snoocoach ride on the ATHABASCA GLACIER in the COLUMBIA ICE FIELDS in JASPER NATIONAL PARK, the CARDSTON TEMPLE, and lots more! Like the Calgary Towers - a 1 1/2 hour river run - the Hutterite Colony (Arnish type United Order)

#2 ROSE PARADE & CALIFORNIA COAST TOUR December 27 - January 5

Celebrate the TOURNAMENT OF ROSES PARADE with your SUP friends, highlighting a special day in Sacramento, California with the Sierra SUP Chapter who will show you their unique historical area, exciting San Francisco, the beautiful California Coast, Danish Solvang, Disneyland or Catalina Island, and much more!

Start talking about these treks to your friends. This is a good way to increase membership and create lasting friendships.

These dates are subject to change!

Complete details with possible modifications or additions will be published in forth coming issues of the Pioneer Magazine. □

CREATIVE AWARDS

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NATIONAL BOARD CHRISTMAS SOCIAL



Tuesday, December 10th, the members of the 1991-2 National Board enjoyed an excellent dinner and a fun time with two women who so graciously entertained us with some delightful Christmas music.

There were 96 in attendance. It was a time to make new friends and become acquainted with the new officers and board who will serve in 1992.

It was also a time of farewell to President Kenneth Rasmussen and his board who have served well during the 1991 year.

President Rasmussen told of some of the achievements of the year and his hopes for the coming year. Glen Greenwood told of the Hole-in-the-Rock trek and the trek down South to Florida.

President Rasmussen relinquished his pin and presented it to Morris Bennion. He then presented his sweetheart, Elsie, with a corsage and told how he appreciated her help throughout the year.

President Bennion, presented Pres. Rasmussen with his diamond SUP Past President pin and a gift of a clock and a thank you for a job well done. He went on to tell of his hopes for the coming year and the two large programs which were being worked on; The Honor dinner in February and the plans for the anticipated trek to Nauvoo our society will take in 1996 on the 150th anniversary of the pioneers trek to the valley.

Pres. Rasmussen presented Barbara Tullis with a gift of thanks for the many years she has so unselfishly spent time taking and recording the minutes of Board meetings and encampment meetings over the past 7 years. She no longer takes the minutes, but she can be found every week helping in the office.

Pres. Rasmussen extends his thanks to all who have worked so hard this past year in the various activities of the national and chapter programs and urges everyone to keep active, and bring others into activity. □



PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE - Kenneth & Elsie Rasmussen, Morris & Faye Bennion, Robert & Ruth Wagstaff, Frank & Jeanne Brown

SONS OF UTAH PIONEERS WRITING & PICTURE CONTEST

Morris P. Bennion, incoming National President, has determined that a new program should be installed as part of the National S.U.P. program.

As most members know and many have taken advantage of, the National office contains a fine library where members and others can come to research their ancestors or find information on places and events in history. This library is growing with each day and under the able direction of our librarian, Olev Kirkham, things are being filed in a way that will enable people to find the wealth of stories and histories and information that is located in this building.

Whenever something is donated to the library, a certificate of thanks is sent to that person and can represent a tax deductible receipt for the IRS.

In conjunction with this program it has been requested by incoming President Morris Bennion that we hold a 1992

contest in order to give an opportunity for the members to use their talents in writing stories which will eventually reside in the library.

All members who desire to do so may enter. All entries in the writing contest, along with any pictures submitted with the stories, will be classified and placed in the library, whether a winner or not. Selected items will appear in the Pioneer magazine at various time throughout the year 1992.

Pictures i.e.: photographs, paintings, drawings and etchings, are always of interest to visitors at the S.U.P. headquarters building and will be displayed as long as you wish to leave them in the care of S.U.P. (permanent loan or as a gift will also be accepted and appreciated.)

Some may be reproduced and printed in the Pioneer magazine, with your permission of course.

So that you can be thinking and perhaps even start writing now, the categories are as follows: Family Histories, Pioneer Biographies, Short Stories, (Pioneer - fiction and non-fiction, SUP Histories, Community Histories, etc.)

More instructions will follow in the next magazine. The contest will run from January 1 to December 31, 1992.

Judging will be held quarterly - March 31st, June 30th, September 30th, and December 31st. The top three entries selected in each quarter, will be carried forward for a final judging after December 31st.

We know many of you are engaged in currently writing your family histories and personal histories. Get them in for the contest. All entries should be mailed or delivered to:

S.U.P. National Headquarters
3301 East 2920 So.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84109. □



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PIONEER HISTORICAL RESEARCH LIBRARY



L to R: Ruth Porter, Carol Standing, Oleve Kirkham, Merleen Roylance, Clara Morris, (inset) Elsie Rasmussen

The women pictured in the accompanying picture are some of those loyal volunteers who consistently go the extra mile in helping us at the national building.

These women come in once a week and donate several hours in helping to get and keep the library in good order so that we who want to do research can find the material we need.

Oleve Kirkham, as librarian, assigns them the tasks that need doing and they, in turn, follow up and label books, manuscripts, pictures, etc. and see that they are filed in the way that will be easiest for patrons of the library to find what they are searching for.

Up to this time, not everything has been listed, especially in the books, so that many times the history of a person has been hidden in some book or magazine, but Oleve and her helpers are now trying to rectify that by cataloging as many of the books and magazines as they can. It is a big job. If anyone would like to help with this tremendous task, their help would be welcome. Oleve and her group are to be found at the library every Wednesday afternoon.

Oleve would also like to encourage anyone who has books in their libraries that would help in research, to donate them to our library. Remember, they are tax deductible. A donation certificate is sent to each donor.

There are books that would be of help to those doing research. If you

would care to donate one of them, you can contact Oleve for a list of the books. Most everyone has read or heard about the new set of encyclopedias that are being put out by the church. The S.U.P. library will soon have a set of them that we hope our members will put to good use. They are too expensive for each family to have a set so we are trying to accommodate our members and their needs by having a set here where it can be used by everyone.

Take time to visit our library and see how we can help you AND how you can help us. □

Tyranny

By Francis I. Christensen

"I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has even been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up on a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupported to perish, who have so earnestly and repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent.

Neither do I have so much of the infidel in me, as to support that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils."

Thomas Paine

"We are deaf today to the approach

of tyranny because we have lived so long under the protection of the Constitution that we take for granted the blessings of liberty. But the framers of the Constitution, having had bitter experience with tyranny, wrote it with the purpose to preserve the right of local self government - which had been the fundamental principle on which the war of the Revolution was fought. They were not dreamers, but practical men of wide experience, and they wrote into that document the fruition of human experience in self-government.

"And let me say here and now, that in the whole history of the human race, from Adam until now, Tyranny has never come to live with any people with a placard on his breast bearing his name. He always comes in deep disguise, sometimes proclaiming an endowment of freedom, sometimes promising help to the unfortunate and downtrodden, not by creating something for those who do not have, but by robbing those who have.. But Tyranny is always a wolf in sheep's clothing, and he always ends up by devouring the whole flock, saving none."

Stand fast by our Constitution.

-J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

God grant that I may live upon this earth and face the tasks which every morning brings, and never lose the glory and the worth of humble service and the simple things.

- Edgar A. Guest

Borrowed Brains

NO PERSON is ever born into this world who does not need to borrow from those who have gone before. One may not be a genius, but if he hopes to be more than just one of the crowd, he will have to begin borrowing thoughts and ideas from thinkers and doers.

Young people who are learning a life occupation must start by finding out what their predecessors have done, and how they have done it. There was never a great writer or painter who did not in youth study the work of other writers and painters, and gradually improve on them. Practically all men and women who have risen to fame were avid pupils of the lives of great men and women who have gone before them. All human knowledge has been increased by building higher upon what has been already partially built. □

AN UNPARALLELED TESTIMONY

by Edward B. Jackson

Within a time frame of 5 minutes, it is impossible for me to tell you all the many experiences I have had in expanding my knowledge and testimony, to a greater degree and magnitude. I shall tell briefly a few and testify to the same.

Every year the LDS Church missions at Palmyra, Manti and Independence present a pageant. This year a great pageant was presented in Independence, which dramatized the early "Frontier Days" of what our pioneer ancestors went through. The struggles with the cold winters, blizzards, summer heat, prairie fires, wolves, mud, cholera and other illness. The hatred, malice and persecution by the mobs. Believe me, those Saints were taken through the "refiners fire". The test of their faith and endurance was incredible. My great-grandfather's brother Samuel was killed in the "Hawns Mill Massacre". Another brother George was killed in Missouri trying to protect the women and children.

Just to relate to my own ancestral pioneers, they were converts to the Church in England and came over here to America to reside in Kirtland, Ohio where they helped build the temple there. Then they moved to Nauvoo, Illinois to help build the Temple and the City Beautiful on the banks of the Mississippi River.

My great-grandparents lived across the street from the Prophet Joseph Smith in the City of Nauvoo. While there, Great-grandmother Nancy Ann Clough Jackson said to her husband, Joseph Henry Jackson, "It appears that I am unable to have children. Let us go over and have the Prophet Joseph give me a blessing so I can have children." So they did. The prophet was home and he invited them in. They presented to him their problem. The prophet said, "Sister Nancy sit down here on my chair. Brother Joseph, you lay your hands with mine on her head. I will give her a blessing."

Later on during the years to come, Grandma Nancy Ann had three children, Joseph Jr., Martha and Susanna. Oh, how happy they were. They were among the valiant Saints.

During the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, the mob came in, de-

stroyed the Nauvoo Temple and drove out the Saints. Previous to that, my great grandparents and many of the Saints loaded their wagons with food and their personal belongings and headed to Missouri where they hoped to start their lives over. They homesteaded, built houses and tried to blend in with the community. However, their hardwork and life there was short lived. They were driven out and their homes burned to the ground. Many were killed. They turned toward Nauvoo where their Prophet had settled many of their people. They again built homes and tried to make their lives permanent.

After the martyrdom of the Prophet, Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball and others, lead the Saints on their long trek across the great plains to the Salt Lake Valley. Many perished on the way west or had to endure the great hardships of such a journey. It is said that some 6,000 of the 80,000 Saints lost their lives due to exposure and other reasons. Those who came in handcarts lost many of their people too, but their trek was shorter because they were able to move faster than the cumbersome large wagons.

For Grandma and Grandpa Jackson, who were among the Saints who came west, they also suffered with the rest. They lost their little daughter Susanna who was unable to recover from pneumonia. They tried to dig a grave for her, but the ground was frozen, so they piled rocks over her little body and placed

a marker on it. They went on with the other Saints to the Salt Lake Valley with sadness in their hearts for the loss of their baby.

After this small company reached the Salt Lake Valley, by an order of Brigham Young, Great-grandpa Jackson joined a company of young men to go back and rescue the Saints who were struggling to come to Salt Lake. He and his company arrived at the grave of his little daughter Susanna and found the marker. However, the grave had been ravaged by the wolves. He fell to the ground weeping and in great mental agony.

I appreciate our ancestral heritage, for what they went through for us. I bare witness to the fact that our Prophet Joseph Smith is a true Prophet of God, that he did have the visitation of the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ in the Sacred Grove, that all the prophets down to President Ezra Taft Benson are truly prophets and leaders.

Recently I spent some time in the Holy Land with 80 parents and grandparents of 180 students of the Brigham Young University. One of the students was my grandson, Douglas Anderson.

Our tour of the Holy Land took us to every place that Jesus went during his ministry. We were all so impressed by what we saw and read in the scriptures. We did indeed "walk where the Savior walked." When we left the Holy Land, our testimonies were so firm and unshakable, and we all promised solemnly to give our lives as He, our Redeemer did in the defense of truth and righteousness. That is truly my conviction and my love for him forever more. □



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PRESIDENT BUSH'S 'THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT'



George Simmons poses with the medallion he received for being named as a "Thousand Points of Light" Honoree (picture by Herald Photo / Patrick J. Krohn)

George Simmons of the George Albert Smith Chapter in Provo, was recently awarded the "Thousand Points of Light" award by President Bush when he was here.

George received a lovely medallion and a trip to Disneyworld.

He was the 75th person chosen for Bush's program to recognize those who successfully address pressing social problems through direct and consequential acts of community service. Mr. Simmons said "When they put the medallion on my neck I felt like I could go anywhere... It's something I'm really proud of.

Mr. Simmons has dedicated his years of retirement to educating and training students in wood-working and blacksmithing. He has spent the last

seven years as a volunteer instructor of a wood-working class at Mountain View High School in Orem.

He emphasizes one-on-one teaching and forms close relationships with his students while working 20 hours per week at the school. His efforts have assisted students in creating pieces which have won state awards.

He remembers February 24, 1990 as the day he received a call from the White House telling him he had been named one of Bush's Thousand Points of Light. "I didn't know what a Point of Light was and I told them 'I think you're pulling my leg'", said Simmons. "They had been calling my wife at home asking questions and I just thought it was another one of those prank phone calls telling me I had won something. □

"They told me to be prepared to answer several phone calls because they were about to release it to the national media," Simmons recalled. "As soon as I hung up, I started getting calls. My head was in a whirl...I thought it was something you hear about but only happens to other people." He described the medallion as having the appearance of gold, sculpted with a picture of a flame of light between two peoples faces.. On the back is written Point of Light, the date and Disneyworld.

He said that the Delta Airlines and Disneyworld really went all out to show them a good time. Being a celebrity is different, interesting and fun. □

AN ACTOR'S TRAUMA

It is my goal
to save my soul
when I display
my resume.

Though I itemize
there's no disguise
for acts performed
that harmed or charmed.

The nots and oughts
and all the thoughts
that formed my script,
I've fellowshipped.

My make-up shows
my inner throes
of saint to be
or enemy.

-H. Bartley Heiner

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ANCESTORIAL NAME MEMORIALIZATION

Dell C. Stout

My father and mother, Marion Fisk and Mary Crawford Stout were real pioneers and deserve the respect of people everywhere. Their pioneering spirit helped establish communities in Southern Utah and set the stage for community service by their 15 children throughout their lifetime. Father was a rancher and farmer and mother was a real housewife who stayed at home and provided a place for proper training of their children.

During their early years with a family of small children, they built a home in Hurricane that was later destroyed by an early morning fire. That left them with only the clothes they were wearing. They set to work at a sawmill cutting lumber for their new two-room home where I was born and where the children were all raised. Later in my early childhood the home was added on to make more room. Since all of us couldn't sleep in the two-room home at the time, I remember sleeping in a large tent out back with some of my brothers.

Through hard work and determination, my parents bought land and accumulated a large herd of cattle through the following years. One year father and the boys drove the cattle from the winter range to the summer pastures, allowing an overnight stop at a spring. The next morning the entire herd lay dead, poisoned by the alkali water after a long hot journey. But that didn't stop them. They started over again. My parents passed the test by overcoming these three obstacles that would normally put one down for the count. A large family to support, fire destroying their home and losing their entire herd of cattle. Truly they were pioneers in a very real sense.

While memorializing my grandparents (see article on page 6 of the September-October '91 issue of the Pioneer) I became aware that I could not include my parents on this plaque because they were not eligible due to the date requirement of May 10, 1869. That made me feel sad because I knew they also were real pioneers. This is where the Ancestral Name Memorialization Program takes over. I can memorialize

them as well as other of my ancestors who never made it to Utah before they died. These bronze plaques are on the opposite wall at the National Headquarters. The cost of \$100.00 per name is a small price to pay for what they did for us. I urge each member to take a look at this program and consider honoring your ancestors in this manner if they don't qualify for the other program.

Editor's Note:

We should all see that our Father and Mother and our brothers and sisters are memorialized on the plaques in our National Name Memorialization Gallery. If we don't do it - who will?? There are plaques for Pioneers before May 10, 1869 and plaques for Pioneers after May 10, 1869. This includes every family who has lived in the area known as Deseret. Our S. U. P. Motto is "Preserve the Past, Pioneer the Present, Shape the Future." Every member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers has been pioneering as long as they have lived. We are all Modern Pioneers. Has your family been Memorialized in the Memorialization Gallery? Has your history been written and made available on the shelves of our Pioneer Library? This is your National Organization. You can make it as great as you possibly can, or you can let it fail. I challenge each member to see that their families histories are written and their stories put in our Pioneer Library and their names memorialized on the plaques in the Memorialization Gallery. Make this a must at your family reunions. Have your families visit our National Building and see the names that are memorialized. Your family can be put together on the plaques as a family. This program has been in effect for several years. My family's names have been memorialized as a *family* and some of their histories have been placed in the library. Let us leave for our posterity our history so they will know what their heritage is. Remember, you know your life story better than anyone else. Get it written. Be proud of your accomplishment. You are a Modern Pioneer. You are helping to "*Shape the Future.*" **You can make a difference. Will you? PLEASE DO IT!!**

For More Information On The Family Name Memorialization, Contact
S.U.P. National Office
3301 East 2920 South
Salt Lake City, Utah 84109
Phone (801) 484-4441. □

BEEHIVE CHAPTER SETS UP NAME MEMORIALIZATION PROGRAM

Through the cooperation of the members of the Beehive Chapter who have gone on treks with Ross Wilhelmsen, he has made it possible for the chapter to set aside \$2,000.00 for Name Memorializations.

The chapter helps its members memorialize their ancestors by contributing \$50.00 when the member memorializes their first ancestor. The chapter encourages the members to memorialize both husband and wife, a total of two names. The cost of doing this is \$200.00 but the chapter pays \$50.00 and the member \$150.00.

The chapter will pay \$50.00 toward the memorialization of every other name, such as the first name, the third name, fifth name, etc. The contribution of this fund is on a first-come, first-served basis.

The Beehive chapter challenges other chapters to create programs to encourage more name memorializations. □

TEMPLE QUARRY CHAPTER

By Golden A. Buchmiller

Glen Greenwood, former National SUP President, has been chosen as the new President of the Temple Quarry Chapter. This will be the fifth time Glen has headed the chapter.

He announced the names of the other officers at the Chapter's Christmas dinner party on December 12. They are: Wayne Berrett, Past President; Reed Newbold, President-elect; Charles Wright, Vice President in charge of Name Memorialization and Tiles.

Other officers are Lawrence Etheington, Secretary; Dale Callister, Treasurer; Gene Newbold, Historian; Golden A. Buchmiller, Publicist; Jim Ostler, Awards Chairman. A chaplain has yet to be chosen.

The New Harmony Quartette, four young mothers who started singing several years ago when they all lived in the same ward, entertained chapter members after a delicious dinner. □

BEEHIVE CHAPTER TAKES NEW MEXICO TREK

R o s s
Wilhelmsen, trekmaster, conducted a trek for the Beehive Chapter through many Indian reservations. On August 7th, early in the morning, 40 happy people boarded the bus in eager anticipation of many happy hours to come. During the trek, as we passed through the various Indian reservations, reports were given on the history of that particular tribe of Indians. The highlight of our trip was in Gallop, New Mexico where we saw the Tribal Indian Nation powwow. This included the following: Friday night, Tribal Indian Dances at the Red Rock Park; Saturday morning, Indian Nation Parade in downtown Gallop; Saturday afternoon, Indian Rodeo.

Sunday night we arrived in Page, Arizona at the Westin Empire House. Here we enjoyed one of the highlights of



Chief Dick Steed

and



Squaw Shirley Steed

the trip. We had our parting banquet of roast beef, chicken, ham, mashed potatoes and delicious gravy, rolls, salad bar, and cherry cobbler with whipped cream. Then we had our real dessert which was in the form of skits.

Barbara Tullis took very careful notes during the whole trip and wrote a

book about the trek. The book contains a complete narration of the trip along with all of the reports that were given on the Indians. The book is 44 pages long and a copy was made for each single person or couple on the Trek along with a copy that was given to the SUP Library. □

Tempe Arizona Chapter Reports

Among the exciting recent events of the Tempe Arizona Chapter, was the 85th birthday celebration of one of our members, J. Morris Richards.



Lorenzo Lisonbee, J. Morris Richards, Lincoln Pace

J. Morris is truly a son of the Utah (and Arizona) Pioneers. He was born October 18, 1906 in Joseph City, Arizona, one of the Little Colorado Mormon settlements in northeastern Arizona. He attended what is now Northern Arizona University at Flagstaff, has served as teacher and a State Legislator. He served eight years in the State Department of Education. He was trained in journalism and has used this background as a newspaper reporter and publisher. He was owner and publisher of the Winslow Mail for a number of years. He is a noted Arizona historian, and just completed an 18 volume history of the Arizona legislature. He co-authored a history of the Mormon settlements in Northeastern Arizona titled, "Unflinching Courage." He also sandwiched in time during his career to teach journal-

ism at BYU.

He held many positions in the Church, including those of bishop and high councilor. He is currently an ordinance worker in the Arizona Temple as well as continuing his interest in writing. He is assisting and has assisted a number of people in writing their personal histories. He encourages members and even non-members to write their histories.

J. Morris has been long active in the SUP. He held a membership in the Phoenix Chapter for a number of years, and was a charter member of the Tempe Chapter. He served as president in each. He is especially interested in and is active in landmarking.

Lorenzo Lisonbee President-elect and Program Chairman of the Tempe Arizona Chapter. □

MONUMENT UNVEILLED IN OGDEN TO 1824 TRAPPER

AUGUST 30, 1991



Guest Speaker, William W. Terry



Unveiling monument is third great-grandson
Greg Gannon and his mother, Virginia Weber Gannon

This was the title of an article which appeared in the Deseret News September 2, 1991.

We quote the first paragraph of the article: "Long before Mormon leader Brigham Young stood on the top of the Wasatch Mountain and declared 'This is the Place' John Henry Weber was exploring the mountains and desert floor below.

As the saints trekked across the plains their rallying sons was "We'll find the place which God for us prepared, far away in the West". John Henry Weber was part of that preparation.

The chain of events which led to the unveiling of the John Henry Weber Monument on August 30 really had its beginning in 1984 when Mayor of Ogden asked me, William W. Terry, a history buff, if I could tell him where the trail was which Jedediah Strong Smith followed from the 1826 trappers rendezvous near Hyrum in Cache Valley on his way through what is now Weber County, to San Bernadino, California.

In my search for the answer, I read in Dale Morgan's JEDEDIAH SMITH

AND THE OPENING OF THE WEST on page 42, "Captain Weber has remained a hidden figure in the annals of the fur trade."

From time to time in that book I found reference to Weber. I then went to the Weber County library where I found in several books on history "tidbits" about Weber.

I put all these fragments together and had a fairly good outline of who Weber was and of his coming to the great Basin and the region of the Great Salt Lake.

In 1823 Weber led the first party of American trappers across the continental divide. By a circuitous route Weber and his trappers arrived in Cache Valley by the summer of 1824. That fall the Weber party trapped on a river which flowed into the Salt Lake which Jim Bridger, a member of the Weber party, had discovered that summer.

The members of the Weber trapping party named the river after their leader. This name became the earliest Euro-American place name in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake and the only name of a trapper ever given to a county

in Utah.

From the beginning of my research on the Weber saga members of the Ogden Pioneer Chapter of the SUP became involved. The Ogden Chapter meets at a noon luncheon every 2nd Friday.

As the members sat in groups around the tables before and during the "eating period" we would discuss different topics such as current and past events. As I found new information about Weber I passed it on.

Julius Geilman, Past Area Vice President of the SUP for Utah Weber and a history buff also, encouraged me in my research by asking questions which led to further research.

In 1987 the little city of Bellevue, Iowa was preparing for the sesquicentennial celebration of the founding of their community in 1838. Two history buffs on the committee, Mike Jones and Lowell Carlson, were aware that they had buried in the old cemetery a genuine trapper and explorer of the Rocky Mountains.

Mike and Lowell felt that they would like to learn something about this trapper so that they could include Weber in



Elsie & N.S.U.P. President Kenneth Rasmussen; Donna & N.S.U.P. Past-President Glen Greenwood

the events of the celebration. Mike Jones called Weber State College and then Weber County Library, but finally was told by Teddy Griffith of the Union Station that Bill Terry was the only one that had made a study of the trapper Weber.

Early in the month of July in 1987 Mike called me long distance and I gave him a short sketch of the exploits of John Henry Weber which I had at that time. This was followed by a constant flow of correspondence between us for the remainder of the year.

Results: Julius Geilman and I were invited to be the guests of the people of Bellevue during the celebration at which time they proposed to change the name from Buckskinners Rendezvous to the John Henry Weber Rendezvous, with William W. Terry as the principle speaker.

As the time for the presentation approached I located a picnic table near the shelter and sat down to relax. Two ladies and a gentleman joined me. One of the ladies was Virginia Weber Gannon a great-great-granddaughter of John Henry Weber. More about her later.

Early in 1991, I renewed my efforts to erect a mounment to Weber in City Hall Park, which I had attempted in 1985, at which time there was a master plan to re-landscape the park so my plan was put on hold. That proved to be providential because in the intervening years more information about Weber has come into focus.

After considerable planning with the parks department and the planning commission the locations for the monument and the nature of the monument

were agreed upon and the date for the unveiling set for August 30th.

I immediately called Virginia and Chuck Gannon. After some hesitation of a week or two they called me and told me that they had decided to make the trip inspite of their age.

Virginia and Chuck were guests during their stay in Ogden of the Ogden Park Hotel and a few fine citizens of "Weber County". The Gannons were able to see many of the sites and sights of the area during their stay here.

In attendance at the unveiling were the Gannon family which included Greg their son and his wife Marlene, Ogden City Council members, Weber County Commissioners, members of the Weber River party, Richard Moyle, the Utah Weber vice-president SUP, President Kenneth Rasmussen of the National

Society SUP, Chuck Vaughan 1991 President Ogden Chapter, and 4 past presidents of the Ogden Chapter, and Julius Geilman and Bill who have been together a long time on the Weber saga. William J. "Bill" Critchlow III, who was a Past President of the Ogden Chapter and the National Society in the early 1980s was Master of Ceremonies and did an excellent job.

I copy here the response of Virginia Weber Gannon as she unveiled the monument.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

For my entire family, I express our gratitude and appreciation to all the people of Ogden, especially to those who arranged this occasion to honor my great-great-grandfather, Captain John Henry Weber. We are particularly indebted to Bill Terry, whose energy and enthusiasm have contributed so much. I first met Bill three years ago at a state park in Bellevue, Iowa where the annual Buckskinners' Rendezvous was being renamed "Capt John H. Weber Rendezvous". Arriving at the park shelter where the dedication program was to be held, I approached a pleasant, white-haired gentleman sitting at a picnic table and asked if my husband and I might share his table. As he welcomed us and introduced himself, I realized that we were meeting the Utah historian and naturalist who was the feature speaker at the dedication. When I introduced myself as the great-great-granddaughter of Capt Weber, Mr. Terry smiled delightfully and started asking questions. His smiles turned to laughter and hand clapping when I revealed that I had inherited two things from Capt. Weber - his French violin and his Roman nose.

Since that happy day we have exchanged many letters and pieces of information about our hero, Capt. Weber.

You can imagine how pleased I am to have been invited to attend this memorial honoring Capt. Weber and to have with me my husband, Chuck Gannon and the latest inheritor of the Weber Roman nose, our son Greg and his lovely wife Marlene.

Again, heartfelt thanks to you good people of Ogden who planned and produced this fine tribute to a courageous man, Capt John Henry Weber.

THANK YOU
Virginia Weber Gannon
30 August 1991



(Pictures by Richard W. Moyle)

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TWIN PEAKS CHAPTER CONDUCTS ANNUAL FOOD DRIVE

By Jack B. Goodwin Chapter Reporter



Daniel F. Allred, a man of vision, a man of action, made the announcement in the September Meeting of the Twin Peaks Chapter. November was to be the month. All chapter members should scan their food reserves and begin accumulating non-perishables to be donated to the homeless in the Salt Lake Valley in an effort to make the Thanksgiving season a little more enjoyable for those unfortunate people. The date was to be November 4 and the site was to be the Sons of Utah Pioneers headquarters building. Bring your items to the monthly meeting of the chapter.

This has been an annual event for the Twin Peaks Chapter now for some seven years. It was started in the year 1985 by Dan when as a Chapter Board member he was called upon by the current Chapter President to create a project which would unite the chapter members

and also accomplish a worthwhile purpose. Each year since that time the chapter has rallied around him and have provided several tons of foodstuffs for needy people in the Salt Lake area.

One year Dan's neighbor was not able to pick the apples from two trees in his front yard, so he mentioned it to Dan who immediately recruited chapter members to do the job. The trees were extremely large and members took considerable risk to get the apples down, but it was accomplished safely and at least two pickup loads were delivered to the city gathering point.

Another year one of the widows in the chapter elected to move into a smaller home so her entire reserve of food storage items were donated to the program.

This year the drive was nonetheless successful. Chapter members were very generous, the sum total donated was valued at more than \$400.00, one person brought a whole case of tuna fish which alone amounted to about \$80.00.

Our hats go off to Dan and his boundless energy to organize this worthwhile project and to the very generous chapter members who wholeheartedly support him every year. □

TWIN PEAKS CHAPTER ACTIVITIES

By Roald Amundsen

August 5, 1991

Jack Goodwin told of the Brunch at the Allreds on Saturday Aug. 24th from 10:00 till 12 Noon, \$6.00 per plate. Richard Jacobsen informed us of the death of Emmett L. Wiggins on August 3rd.

A Membership Certificate was presented to Lynn Smith as our newest member.

Numerous speakers were introduced, three of whom were from China, our Speaker's family, and Earl and Dixie Olsen, members of our chapter now presiding at the Manti Temple.

Our speakers of the evening were Dr. Cyrus McKell and Dr. Songquian Zhao. Both have traveled extensively in China. Dr Zhao showed us a lot of pictures of different parts of China. Some parts resembled the deserts of southern Utah and other parts looked like Norwegian fjords. The Chinese wall is indescribable. He is a representative of the Peoples Republic of China

Continued on page 22



Dick Jacobsen, President of Twin Peaks Chapter, extends congratulations to Grant Evans, SUP National Director, and Twin Peaks Chapter Director. Grant participated in the Jon Huntsman Senior World Games in October, 1991. Participants came from all over the nation, in fact from around the world. Grant and his partner, Ray Ludlow, won the championship of Tennis Doubles over age 70.

With almost no time for rest, he then teamed with Jack Morris and won the championship for Doubles over 75. All this with a hip replacement less than 3 years ago!!! Grant at one time was rated the number one tennis player in Utah, and also number one in the Intermountain States. At age 62 he was ranked number two in the Nation for his age group. Congratulations, Grant. □

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Max Larkin, S.L.C. Chapter SUP
Bob Larkin, Pioneer Chapter SUP

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Dr. Tingey

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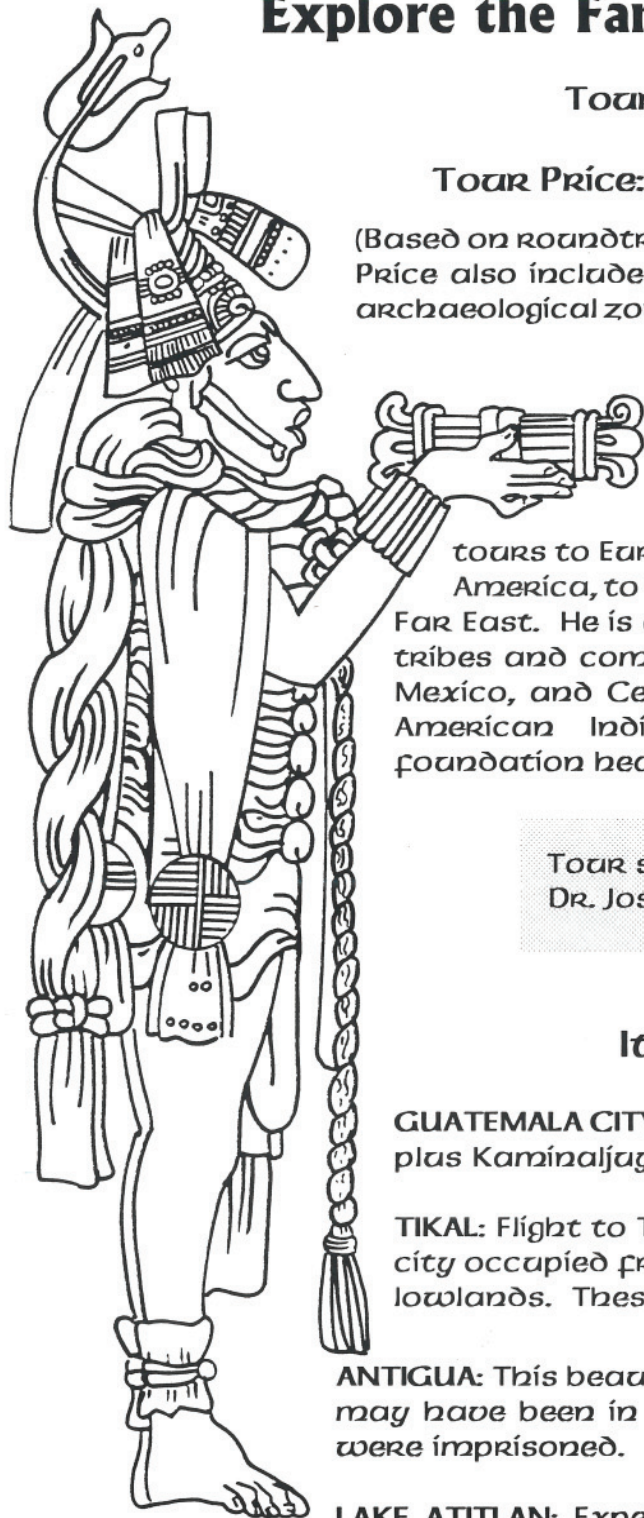
ANTIGUA: This beautiful colonial city, the first capital of Guatemala, may have been in the land of Middoni where the Sons of Mosiah were imprisoned.

LAKE ATITLAN: Experience the culture of the Highland villages plus home of Cachiuel Indians of Lake Atitlan, considered the Waters of Mormon.

CHICHICASTENANGO: After a boat ride on Lake Atitlan, bus to participate in "market day" in Chichicastenango and witness colorful Indian religious ceremonies.

*Optional extended tours of Magical Mexico and Yucatan Peninsula also available

For more information, contact: Rulon Brown, Mills Chapter Board Member, at 942-1261 or Dr. Dale Tingey at 375-1777 or 375-4000 (nights)



Palmyra Chapter Assists on Pioneer Cemetery in Spanish Fork

The Palmyra Chapter of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers assisted the Utah County South Center Company of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers refinish the monument that was erected in 1941 by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers in honor of 49 people buried in this the first Pioneer Cemetery and first Cemetery in Spanish Fork. Three yards of concrete was poured and finished.

The 49 people buried in this cemetery were buried from 1851 to 1866. The cemetery is located up Spanish Fork Canyon Road at 1400 East and then turn South. (East Bench above the River Bottoms). □



Pictured left to right: President Frank Gull, Contractor Lanny Hathaway, Past President Irwin Curtis, Secretary Ray Carter, Burtine Carter, President-elect Jim Hathaway, Fern Davis in charge of Museums and monuments and Christie Atwood President of the D.U.P.

1992 SUP ENCAMPMENT FACT SHEET

Place: Castle Dale, Utah.

Dates: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, August 6, 7, and 8, 1992,
along with Castle Valley Pageant and Emery County Fair.

Tentative Agenda Thursday, August 6

10-12 Registration
11 a.m. Grand Sons' Luncheon
1-3 p.m. Registration continued
3 p.m. Orientation
4 p.m. Dinner, Lamb Fry,
Castle Dale City Park
6-8 p.m. Pioneer Village,
Castle Valley Pageant site
8:30 p.m. Castle Valley Pageant

Friday, August 7:

7-8 a.m. Arrive at Stake Center;
breakfast; take shuttle
bus to Pageant site.
8-9 a.m. ... Organize into companies of
100's, 50's, 10's, and begin
Covered Wagon Trek.

Each person is free to choose his mode of transportation: walking; pull a handcart; saddlehorse; covered wagon; 4-wheel drive, air-conditioned van. Special arrangements will be made for handicapped and wheelchair patrons.

The trek down the Jeppson Trail, from the Pageant site to Castle Dale will take all day. We'll have lunch on the trail, along with a variety of pioneer experiences - perhaps a buffalo stampede, or an early blizzard.

5 p.m. Dinner to be arranged.

7 p.m. Three choices of
evening activity:

- (1) Cowboy Poetry and Songfest
- (2) County Fair Rodeo
- (3) Castle Valley Pageant

Saturday, August 8:

7-8 a.m. Members' Breakfast
7-8 a.m. Officers' Breakfast
10 a.m. County Fair Parade
11:30 a.m. Awards Luncheon
1:30 p.m. Business Meeting
1:30 p.m. Ladies' Program
3:30-5 Free Time
(Visit the two Museums in town)
5-7 p.m. President's Banquet

Motel Reservations, Call 381-2195.

Since motel accommodations are limited, we encourage all who can, to bring their own RV. Free Parking; shuttle service provided to Pageant.

Due to limited motel rooms, we can't afford to have just one couple in a room with two beds; therefore, we must have two couples share each room where there are two beds. (Just think! You'll save money besides!)

So that our people don't have to drive 30 miles to Price, plenty of sleeping rooms in private homes will be available for a modest fee.

The registration fee has not yet been

determined, but it will be about \$80.00 per person. Clothing: For the Pageant on Thursday night, a warm coat is advised; the evenings are cool after the sun goes down. On Friday, come in your old, faded, patched work clothes and sturdy shoes. Also wear an old hat. Dress in pioneer clothes if possible. Suggestion for women: wear long dress and bonnet.

Pioneer Village: See in action, Blacksmith; Wheelwright; Soapmaking; Horseshoeing; Spinning Wheel; Cow milking; Plowing; Fresno scraper.

Distances:

Castle Dale

to Pageant site 7 mi.
to Huntington 10 mi.
to Ferron 10 mi.
to Price 30 mi.
to Provo 110 mi.
to SLC 150 mi.
to Fairview 63 mi.
to St. George 250 mi.
to Brigham City 220 mi.

For additional information write:

Castle Valley Chapter
Sons of Utah Pioneers
c/o Montell Seely
P.O. Box 934,
Castle Dale, UT 84513. □

Palmyra Chapter Holds Meeting on Pony Express Trail

F. Keith Davis Historian



The Palmyra Chapter held their September meeting on the Pony Express Trail, led by President Frank Gull. On September 19th, the meeting starting point was at the Springville Mountain Springs Truck Stop at 9:00 a.m.

Our first stop on this trek was at Camp Floyd in Cedar Fort. We read the many plaques around the camp, saw the headquarters building and walked thru their beautiful park full of grass and trees.

We then continued thru Tooele and headed for Wendover on the Utah-Nevada State line. Before reaching Wendover, we stopped and looked at the huge concrete tree built on the Salt Flats. We then stopped at the "Utah Famed Measured Mile-Site of World Land-Speed Record Runs". At this rest stop was a high platform to view the vast expanse of the Salt Flats and part of Great Salt Lake.

We then continued on to Wendover and stayed for the night in a campground. We had a great meal at the Peppermill Casino and our very own Arlene Gull won \$1,250.00. That put a smile on her face. The next morning Arlene treated all 21 of our group to breakfast. That put a smile on our face.

The morning of the 20th, Wagon Master Jim Hathaway led us down highway 93A to Ibapah. This is at the edge of the Ibapah Indian Reservation. This was a Stagecoach and Pony Express station. Nickels Store is now on the site and we all went in this store and bought goodies and souvenirs and T-Shirts of

the Pony Express Trail.

After this stop Jim led us on a dirt road (dirt roads were from now on) to the Gold Hill ghost town. We could see reminders of the mining that was done in this area. This area was part of the Goshute Indian homeland and hunting grounds that the Pony Express riders had to go through. Tho Russel-Majors & Wade Stage and also Wells Fargo Stage used this route in early pioneer days.

On to Callao where we saw original log cabins with dirt thatched roofs. Some people still ranch here and a few people were in their yards. The old Bagley Station is still there and a Pioneer Pony Express marker. As we journeyed on to Fish Springs, we could see small cement Pony Express markers along the way near the road. Fish Springs is a Wildlife Refuge, especially for birds. At this location we found a park-like setting, with lots of big shade trees and a small creek running by. This was a great place for rest and lunch. The famed World War II Japanese Prisoner of War Camp-Topaz is not too far from this area.

After resting at Fish Springs, we then headed for Simpson Springs, our next destination and planned camp site for the night. We passed many more Pony Express cement markers on the way. The day was hot and the road was rough, but the scenery was beautiful. Simpson Springs is an organized campsite and everyone picked out their own parking space with a picnic table for the night. We were high enough to see

down over the Dugway Proving Grounds and we saw a few Army helicopters fly by and one flew over our campsite as if checking us out.

Jim Hathaway soon had a fire going and Frank Gull was cooking his famous Dutch Oven Potatoes over the open fire. After Ervin Barney gave a prayer and blessing on the food, we all had a huge family style meal of everything.

As the night grew darker, we had a campfire to sit around and tell stories—some true and some-maybe. While enjoying each other around the campfire, the Dugway Proving Grounds suddenly came alive. The Apache helicopters from Dugway were on live exercises just below us and they were flying both directions with red lights blinking. We were watching a live screen with plenty of action.

Next morning, on the 21st, the cooks were busy preparing breakfast. Past President Irwin Curtis gave a prayer and blessing on the food and we were eating again. At the exit near Simpson Springs we visited the replica of the Pony Express station and monument. The plaque described the area in the early pioneer days.

Our next main stop was at Look-Out Pass. There is a dog cemetery at this site. Porter Rockwell's sister was the Station Keeper and her only companions and family were her dogs. This cemetery with a rock wall around it was mostly for her dogs, but there were also three people buried there. Boy Scouts from the Springville area were also using the surrounding area for their Scout Camp and for passing off Scout requirements. After exploring the cemetery and area nearby, the group broke up in two routes. One toward Fairfield and Lehi and the other toward Vernon and Eureka.

This was a very successful trek. Everyone is ready to go again. □

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HOME FOR THE HARVEST – MEXICO MORMON COLONIES VISITED

by V. Vee Reynolds

Another very successful trek was recently completed by the South Davis Chapter and members of other chapters when some forty individuals took a four-day trek to visit all the Mormon Colonies in Mexico. This trek took place from the 8th to the 11th of November, 1991 and was co-sponsored by American Heritage Tours and Utah State Historical Society in conjunction with the Sons of Utah Pioneers.

This trek started at Salt Lake International Airport. We boarded America West Airlines for a short flight to El Paso, Texas, with one stop at Phoenix, Arizona. Upon arrival in El Paso, we collected our bags and boarded a bus with two Mexican drivers. While one drove, the other slept in the compartment in the belly of the bus. An unusual arrangement, but no problem for us. We were driven to Wyatt's Cafeteria where we had lunch and then were on the bus again and headed for Old Mexico. We stopped at the border for Custom's Inspection and were soon on our way. The bus was not in the best of conditions.

We had cold drinks on the bus, including juices and soda pop. The bus was air conditioned, which tended to offset its other deficiencies. While traveling we were treated to talks from Richard Jones, Bonnie Miles, our tour escorts, and Jay Haymond of Utah State Historical Society.

Our stop for the next two nights was at the Hacienda Inn, Neuvo Cases Grande. The rooms were clean and comfortable, and we could even drink the water without thoughts of Montezuma's Revenge. After freshening up in our rooms, we returned to the Motel Restaurant where we were treated to a fine meal. After dinner we were treated to an enlightening talk by Ernestine Spillsbury Hatch, who really knows the colonies and their history.

We had a good night's rest and after a fine breakfast the next morning, were on our bus for a tour of Colonia Dublan, stopping at various old homes and historic sites, including the Dunlan Cemetery, where most of us found relatives buried there. We were treated to a fine lunch at the Old Clawson home, now

owned by a fine Belgian Chef by the name of Philippe Gentges.

Our afternoon consisted of a visit to Colonia Juarez, with stops at home sites and historic locations. We were treated to a visit to the apple processing plant, where we saw how they treat and pack thousands of bushels of apples daily, six days a week. We were allowed to eat all the apples we wanted, and to take some with us. We were guided by Scott Bluth, a local former bishop who spoke Spanish as well as he did English, and had an excellent knowledge of the colonies.

Our next stop was at the Casa Grande Ruins in Colonia Juarez where we were able to spend a couple of hours inspecting this ancient site. We returned to the Hacienda Inn for our second night where we had a fine dinner and then watched TV until bedtime. You could take your choice of English or Spanish speaking programs.

After breakfast on our own, we got dressed and ready for church. We were taken by bus to Colonia Dublin chapel where we were able to attend Sacrament Meeting with the Anglos and Mexican people. It was an inspiring service for those who chose to attend. Not all of our group were LDS, however, some of them chose to attend.

We returned to the Hacienda and we took about an hour and a half to allow each person to introduce himself or herself and tell us a little about their lives, their families and their careers. Many of our group had relatives who lived in the Colonies during the days of plural marriage.

Checking out of our rooms, we boarded the bus and headed back to El Paso, Texas, with stops to visit Colonia Juarez and home sites and historic locations along the way. We saw the ruins of Paquime between Colonia Juarez and Colonia Dublan. It became very evident to each of us just how impoverished the Mexican people are. They are willing to do almost anything to earn enough to feed their families. Many of them are so destitute that they live in shacks made of old pallets, with no attempt to cover the cracks in the boards. How fortunate we are to live in such an affluent society as we do. Many individuals were seen slipping money to the children who collected around the bus.

When we reached the border, we were caught in bumper to bumper traffic. We were billeted at the Park Inn International. After which we listened to Jay Haymond of Utah State Historical Society.

The last day of our trek we were up early and enjoyed breakfast. Boarded the bus and back across the border into Old Mexico to visit Juarez where we were treated to a splendid tour of the city and allowed to stop at the flea markets and shop to our heart's content. We had a fine tour of El Paso, including a stop at the Sun Bowl where UTEP plays and a stop at Austin High School where one of our group, Emma Jeppson, graduated in 1937. It was her first return and one which brought tears to her eyes.

We visited four museums at Fort Bliss before being taken to the airport for our return flight home. Treks like this one are so memorable. □



Clifton Clark of Bountiful standing in front of the Anson B. Call home where his mother, Cleo Call Clark, lived until she was 17 years old

PIONEER PHOTOGRAPHS

Richard G. Thayne

Brigham Young foresaw making the Valley of the Great Salt Lake a place of beauty and refuge. He sent Shadrach Roundy and others to start the crops for the security of the Saints. They arrived before the Saints. Along with the pioneer trains came seeds, trees and plants. There are many stories based on how the area was divided into various wards which later became towns.

Photography was started and going quite strong by 1826 using methods known as Daguerreotype and Ambrotype. From these the pictures were made making it possible to record for all time, the history of this great nation and particularly the settling of the west.

Gustave Lewis Edward Henroid, from France, came to Utah. He arrived on October 6, 1853. In 1839 Louis Daguerre, another Frenchman, came to the home of Mr. Henroid's father in Nauvoo and was taken in as a boarder. Henroid worked with Mr. Daguerre in

the darkroom and they developed a pin-hole type camera with lens (chambre obscur noire). The English name was Camera Noire. This instrument was a miracle. It took images and preserved people.

Charles W. Carter was born in London on August 4, 1832. While in Nauvoo, he photographed a picture of Joseph Smith in 1843. He came west with the Pioneers and opened a studio on West Temple between South Temple and 1st South. He later opened a stand on the outside of the temple wall on the south side. By 1885 he had a copyright of the picture of Joseph Smith and he had it for sale. He did any touch up work with India Ink.

He purchased an old photographic copy of an old Lithographic copy of the Prophet which was being issued by Sam Brannan at the office of the Prophet in New York. He obtained the copyright and started selling it in 1886.

By March 30, 1894, C.W. Carter had started taking pictures of scenes in and around Salt Lake. He obtained an excellent picture record of the west and particularly Utah territory. His contemporaries in Salt Lake were Savage & his

Stereoscopic wet plates of the old west, Marsena Cannon (1850), Alexander Gardner (1856) Cannon and Chaffin (1854), Robert Campbell (1851), Edward Martin and Frederick Piercy (1853), Charles Roscoe Savage (1860), George M. Ottinger (1861), Fox and Symons, Charles Ellis Johnson (1860). He married Ruth Young, the daughter of Brigham Young. Some plates were found in San Jose, California.

There was also Johnson and Sainsbury. On the backs of their photographs it showed the interior of the tabernacle.

The Anderson Brothers came to Salt Lake in 1855.

James William Shipler 1885-1895. His descendants still have a supply center on the west side of Main Street around the corner from the temple.

Carter loved to photograph the Ute Indians. He has left an excellent record of them. He died Jan. 27, 1918 in Midvale.

When I took photography from Wayne B. Hales at the lower Campus of BYU, we used the pinhole camera, the Dog house camera which was the grandchild of the Camera Noire. This was in 1948.

The picture below of Joseph Smith was the one Charles W. Carter took while in Nauvoo. □

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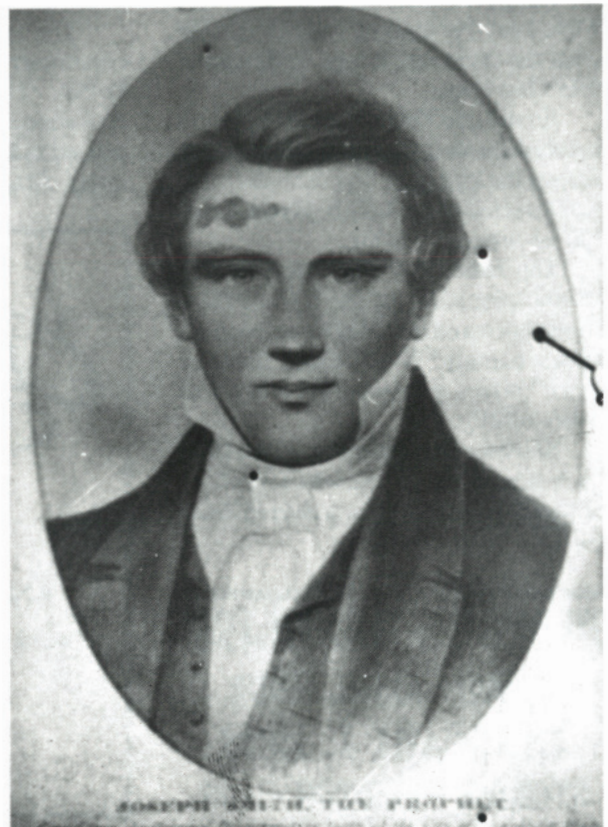
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and is trying to build a bridge between the people of China and us.
September 9, 1991

Dan Allred told of the next food drive in November. Membership Certificates were presented to new members, David O. Mackay and Barton J. Howell.

We enjoyed two violin selections by Helen and Ray Barton, accompanied by Audrey Peterson.

Helen Barton told us of her Great-grandfather, Jedediah M. Grant.

Our speaker was Dr. Ray K. Barton Jr., our violinist. He briefly donned a Russian Military Hat and showed a Russian flag he had acquired in a recent trip to that country. He reviewed some of the events happening recently in that area making it possible for missionaries to enter and labor. All this was leading up to his subject, namely, The Book of Mormon. On each table there was a Book of Mormon especially bound to resemble the gold plates from which it was translated. These are actually collectors items, the last of a special printing made for a program that had run for several years on Temple Square.

Copies of the Book of Mormon were offered for sale to Chapter members and the proceeds will be given to the National.

October 7, 1991

Happy birthday to all in October. We had another unusual bake sale and as usual the delicious things on the table didn't last long.

Emma Lou Thane was the evening's featured speaker reviewed their family pioneer background. Her remarks were then directed to the L.D.S. Hymn Book that we were now using.

The ladies of "The Good News" Choral sang some of the Hymns from the old book and one of her own compositions, namely "Where Can I Turn For Peace", which graces our New Hymnal so beautifully.

She introduced her guest from Russia, Valetina Inovetsma, who told of her life and family living for a time in Siberia. □

PIONEER DEADLINE

MARCH - APRIL ISSUE
FEBRUARY 1, 1992
STORIES • PHOTOS • ADS

HUGH LEWIS BALSER

Born - 21 April 1895

Died - 2 June 1985

Donated by: Barbara K. Rasmussen

Though born with the given name of "Hugo", this individual never deemed it appropriate and early in life chose to identify himself with a first name which had an equal number of letters, but was more forceful in nature. The name substitution aptly portrayed a penetrating intellect which was capable of setting a goal at an early stage of life and was resolute until the goal was attained.

Hugh Lewis Balser was born at Crawford, (Dawes County) Nebraska, on 21 April 1895. He was the second oldest son in the family of John and Katharine (Seip) Balser. His parents, of German extraction, had homesteaded in the area and it was evident that the sandy soil of the land, almost desert-like, would be incapable to adequately support a family of four. Cruel winters, marauding raids by Indians in the summer, were the primary causes for the family to move to Mercur, Utah in 1899. The transfer of the homesite was not without counsel of an influential family relative, John Dern. Dern was the son of John Balser's father's sister. Dern's sense of business and political achievements were not lost to the Balser family.

The move to Mercur marked the commencement of schooling for Hugh Balser. He entered the local seat of education and went on to hone his financial skills by attending a school in Germany. At an early age it was apparent he

was attuned to management and corporate fields. In 1912, Hugh left Mercur, and commenced a career in Salt Lake. With the aid of John Dern and his son George H. Dern, Hugh secured a position as a stenographer with the Bamberger Railroad Company. It marked the beginning of a 43-year association with the firm. At the time of his retirement, Hugh L. Balser had held the positions of clerk, cashier, dispatcher, assistant superintendent, chief accountant, general auditor, secretary-treasurer, and finally, general manager. In 1938, Hugh L. Balser purchased the Bamberger Railroad and all its properties for \$215,000 in an involved and complicated reorganization move.

Once, the Lagoon, a resort-like area near Salt Lake City, was part of the Bamberger Railroad. In 1927, Lagoon was removed from the railroad by an exchange of property owned by the Simon Bamberger. Hugh L. Balser used to manage the resort center in conjunction with his association with the railroad and in his capacity as the executive officer of all the related companies initiated by Simon and Julian Bamberger. The year 1927 also marked the marriage of Hugh to Miss Pauline Gladys Staab, a local Salt Lake resident.*

In February, 1957, Hugh L. Balser rounded the last bend of his business career by retiring. He seldom strayed from the Salt Lake City area during his entire life. His interests kept him within the confines of that city until his death, 2 June 1985, in a care center at Murray, Utah. His remains, as well as those of his wife, are located at Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Utah.

(*)Pauline Gladys Staab, daughter of Phillip and Rosa (Arnold) Staab, was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 2 December 1897, died 2 December, 1958, Salt Lake City. □

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HANDCARTS TO ZION

by D.P. Bartschi

"Yes, start from the Missouri River with cows, handcarts, wheelbarrows, with little flour and no unnecessaries and come to this place quicker, and with less fatigue, than by following the heavy trains with their cumbrous herds which they are often obliged to drive miles to feed".

(Brigham Young - 1852)

And thus the novel and somewhat unconventional mode of traversing the long and lonely 1400 miles from the Missouri to the City of the Saints was conceived. Come, come all ye Saints, come ye penniless, come ye young, come ye widows and widowers, come ye old and aged, come all.

President Brigham Young was anxious to populate his mountain domain. The P. E. Fund (Perpetual Emigrating Fund - established in 1848) had been drawn heavily upon and funds were not plentiful. The grasshopper invasion of 1855 had sharply reduced the surpluses. The fund must be stretched as far as possible. The handcart plan was again revived in October of 1855. ". . . Let all things be done in order . . . and let all the Saints who can, gather up for Zion and come while the way is open before them; let the poor also come, whether they receive aid or not from the Fund, let them come on foot, with handcarts or wheelbarrows; let them gird up their loins and walk through, and nothing shall hinder or stay them. . ."

Brother Brigham instructed Franklin Richards, ". . . Fifteen miles a day will bring them through in 70 days, and after they get accustomed to it they will travel 20, 25 and even 30 with all ease. . . the little ones and sick, if there are any, can be carried on the carts, but there will be none sick in a little time after they get started. . .". . . of course (there would) be means provided for the conveyance of the aged, infirm, and those unable from any cause to walk. . ."

The eager and impatient Welsh, English and Scandinavian Saints were ready, willing but mostly unable, without the aid of the P.E. Fund, to make the long and costly journey to their promised land. The P.E. Fund had previously booked passage from Liverpool to Salt Lake City for ten pounds English. This proved to be somewhat short of actual costs and the Saints now faced a modest increase - inflation at work. Franklin Richards was to editorialize in his *Millennial Star*, ". . . The gathering poor, if they are faithful, have a right to feel that the favor of God, angels, and holy men is enlisted in their behalf. The present plan is peculiarly the Lord's. . ."

This composite assortment of dedicated saints, hungering and thirsting for the religious freedom and spiritual environs as pictured by the missionaries were impassioned with the spirit. ". . . All feel Zionward. . . Tobacco smokers have resolved to quit, and put their savings thereby in the P.E. Fund, and those who have quit tea-drinking will also put their savings in the same. . . The fire of emigration blazes throughout the Pastorate to such an extent that the folks are willing to part with all their effects, and toddle off with a few things in a pocket handkerchief. . . Respecting emigration, I beg to assure you that I would not wish to see a greater desire for that than is evidently pervading every class, in every locality, 'Do help me get to Zion' . . . 'When shall I go home' . . . 'Oh, do try to help me off this time' . . . are so often reiterated in my hearing. . . that they tingle in my ears. . ."

Coordinating and organizing this mass movement was Franklin Richards in England; John Taylor in New York and a quorum of agents in Iowa City, Daniel Spencer, James Hart, Chauncey Webb, Wm. H. Kimball and George D. Grant. Each

assigned specific duties and responsibilities. Four ships were chartered - paperwork was slow and time consuming - sailing dates delayed and postponed many times.

At last on March 23, 1856 the ENOCH TRAIN glided out under full sail with 534 eager and restless Saints aboard. Followed on April 19th by the S. CURLING with 707 Welsh cheering members. May 4th the THORNTON with 764 English and Scandinavians converts cleared the harbor - 21 days later, May 25th the floating village, the HORIZON carrying 856 passengers set sail for Zion. The mighty exodus had begun, seemingly well planned and scheduled but, to the travel initiated, very late for favorable prospects of reaching Zion in proper season. The long ocean voyage, though tedious and wearisome at times, was somewhat of a lark for the new Mormons.

Accompanying each of the four ships were a staff of seasoned traveler missionaries - each assigned as Captains - each unaware, at the time, of his awesome responsibility and ordeal ahead. James Willie, Edmund Ellsworth, Daniel McArthur, Edward Bunker and Edward Martin were appointed and elected to captain the inexperienced but willing Saints on their arduous journey.

After checking their meager possessions through Ellis Island the various companies, now disciplined as an army, were entrained in invigorating comfort to the jumping-off place at the end of the line, Iowa City. It was at Iowa City that the deep dark shadow began to form. The handcarts were not ready, hastily and poorly constructed the carts should not have been permitted out of the construction site. Supplies and wagons and animals were not readily acquired - fact is, they were not prepared for the estimated 70 day journey ". . . with all ease. . ."

The new Mormon converts, seemingly undaunted by their weeks of ocean and overland travel, delays which were beyond their control, disappointments and frustrations, presented a singularly unique picture on the American frontier. On a new continent, enveloped in a new culture and language where everything was completely foreign they settled on the grassy banks of the Iowa River to await instructions from their Captains. The wait was long and proved to be devastating.

Completely unaccustomed to living 24 hours each day with nothing more than the Iowa sky above and the riverbed underfoot, preparing meals on campfires, scrubbing off occasionally in the streambed, enduring the humidity, the insects, the abrasiveness of crowded quarters, the faith and dedication of the more than 400 new Mormons seemed to hold.

After precious weeks of building, preparing and planning the summer passed - at last they were prepared - ill-prepared and ill-fitted, to be sure but enthusiasm and fervor heavily outweighed the sage counsel of a few experienced heads. The knowledgeable natives shook their heads in dismay as they saw the handcarts and wagons trail out so late in the season. The first company under Captain Ellsworth, packed, pushed and pulled their flimsy carts out on June 9th. McArthur's company followed June 11th. Captain Bunker waved his followers with 64 handcarts and supply wagon out on June 28th. Captain Willie was not able to depart until July 15th and Captain Martin 11 days later, July 26th. The handcarts of the two companies were probably the poorest of all; built of green lumber and hastily constructed - all a foreboding omen of the future.

Levi Savage, a seasoned plains traveler and frontiersman was alone in opposing the late departure. ". . . Brethren and sisters,

what I have said I know to be true, but seeing you are to go forward, I will go with you, will help you all I can, will work with you, will rest with you, will suffer with you, and if necessary I will die with you. . ." His words were unheeded.

To the uninitiated the high plains must have been terrifying, the immense distances, the sudden storms, the dust and sand, the loneliness of it all, one would write, ". . . We had not gone far and it began to lightning and soon the thunder roared and about the middle of the train of handcarts the lightning struck a brother and fell to rise no more in that body, by the name of Henry Walker, of Carlisle Conference, aged fifty-eight years, left a wife and children. I put the body, with the help of others, on the handcart and pulled him to camp and buried him without a coffin for there were no boards to be had."

In general the new Saints, the tyro plainsmen, the inexperienced frontiersmen fared as well as most of the huge wagon trains - all had breakdowns, misfortunes and accidents. However, as time and miles wore on the strain became more and more evident. The handcart pushers were not inured to the task nor travelwise in the vast expanse of the high plains. One family of eleven, the Loaders, were left behind on the trail, unable to travel because of sickness and the confinement of a daughter in the birth of a grandson. The company following helped as best they would but the Loaders were left on their own to fend off wolves, Indians and the loneliness of the prairie for two days and nights - finally catching up after an exhausting forced night-time march.

The green lumber used in the handcarts soon began to shrink and crack in the aridity - the baleful grating and squeaking of the wooden axles on the wooden hubs became almost intolerable - the tyro plainsmen lubricated the axles with their soon to be precious bacon grease which only multiplied the wear and grating by collecting dust and sand. Near Wood River the Willie found themselves, late at night, squarely in the center of a great herd of plains buffalo - a terrifying nightmare. Many of their beef stock and draft animals disappeared with the wild herd never to be recovered.

Near North Bluff Fork Captain Willie chanced to look back along their trail and observed a fast moving company of horsemen and light buggies approaching, John Chislett, later to become disenchanted with his new church membership, and later to record;

". . . Each vehicle was drawn by four horses or mules, and all the appointments seemed to be first rate. The occupants we soon found to be Apostle F.D. Richards, Elders W.H. Kimball, G.D. Grant, Joseph A. Young, C.G. Webb, N.F. Felt, W.C. Dunbar, and others who were returning to Utah from missions abroad. They camped with us for the night, and in the morning a general meeting was called. Apostle Richards addressed us. He had been advised of the opposition Brother Savage had made, and he rebuked him very severely in open meeting for his lack of faith in God. Richards gave us plenty of counsel to be faithful, prayerful, obedient to our leaders, etc., and wound up by prophesying the name of Israel's God that 'though it might storm on our right hand and on our left, the Lord would keep open the way before us and we should get to Zion in safety.'"

Chislett also later recalled that the missionaries needed fresh beef - obligingly, Captain Willie sacrificed his fat-test calf, Chislett wrote, "I am ashamed for humanity's sake to say they took it. . ."

One can only partially imagine the feeling of the new, now footsore Saints as they watched the fast buggies trot westward.

Chislett, one of the strong-willed and fortunate survivors of the Willie Company tragedy, was to reach Salt Lake City, to become vocally critical and bitter, finally leaving the Church.

Apostle Richards assured Captains Willie and Martin he would express relief supplies, food and clothing from the valley promptly upon his arrival. At Last Crossing he secured buffalo robes, with instructions they were to be made available to the handcarters upon their arrival - Richards assumed correctly they might "experience some cold". The companies were experiencing some distress and discomfort but fortunately had no inkling of the conditions ahead.

The toil and torture of the handcarts began to take its toll, spirits and souls were weakening, it seemed every step was uphill, as, indeed, it was. At Independence Rock, the wilderness post-office, Captain Willie discovered a dispatch from Apostle Richards stating no supplies could reach them east of South Pass. Willie became extremely apprehensive, he reduced the flour ration to ten ounces per day. At the Sweetwater Chislett was again to record, "...was beautiful to the eye, as it rolled over its rocky bed as clear as crystal; but when we waded it time after time at each ford to get the carts, the women and the children over, the beautiful stream, with its romantic surroundings... lost to us its beauty, and the chill which it sent through our systems drove out from our minds all holy and devout aspirations, and left a void, a sadness, and - in some cases - doubts as to the justice of an overruling Providence.."

Chislett's faith was failing - no doubt with visions of the horsemen, the fast teams and light buggies as they hurried, almost effortless, westward.

Rations were reduced daily as supplies dwindled - soon the double-edged sword of fatigue and malnutrition swung mercilessly and hourly. Chislett, the recorder, again wrote;

"Life went out as smoothly as a lamp ceased to burn when the oil is gone. At first the deaths occurred slowly and irregularly, but in a few days at more frequent intervals, until we soon thought it unusual to leave a campground without burying one or more persons... Many a father pulled his cart with his little children on it, until the day preceding his death... Every death weakened our forces. In my hundred I could not raise enough men to pitch a tent when we camped... I wonder I did not die, as many did who were stronger than I was. When we pitched our camp in the evening of each day, I had to lift the sick from the wagon and carry them to the fire, and in the morning carry them again on my back to the wagon. When any in my hundred died, I had to inter them, often helping to dig the grave myself... We travel on in misery and sorrow..."

Mid-October found them plodding wearily along the now frozen Sweetwater - Captain Willie here issued the final ration of flour - no more flour even for a Spartan bowl of water gruel and no prospect of flour within 300 miles - furthermore, storm clouds hung low and snow, the dreadful barrier, began to fall. Spirits sagged even lower. Once again a spirited team trotted in from the west, Joseph A. Young and Stephen Taylor in the light rig. Young and Taylor tried mightily to impart hope and determination to the desperately hopeless Saints - They had little else to impart. Young then urged his team on eastward through the drifting snow in an attempt to reach the Martin Company another hundred miles on the backward trail.

Captain Martin's Company were in an even sorrier state - a Brother Stone, completely spent, unable to keep up with the main company, had fallen far behind - friends, alarmed as they noticed him missing, took the back track for a short distance where they discovered his remains, eaten by prowling wolves.

Patience Loader, the indestructible, recorded at one of the river fordings;

"...The water was deep and very cold and we was drifted out of the regular crossing and we came near beign drowned the

water came up to our arm pits poor Mother was standing on the bank screaming as we got near the bank I heard Mother say for God Sake some of you men help My poor girls... Several of the brethren came down the bank of the river and pulled our cart up for us and we got up the best we could. Mother was there to meet us. Her clothing was dry but ours was wet and cold and very soon frozen Mother took off one of her under skirts and put on one of us and her apron for another to keep the wet cloth from us for we had to travel several miles before could camp... when we was in the middle of the river I saw a poor brother carrying his child on his back he fell down in the water I never knew if he was drowned or not I felt sorry that could not help him but we had all we could do to save ourselves from drowning that night we had no dry cloth to put on after we got out of the water we had to travel in our wet cloths until we got to camp and our clothing was frozen on us and when we got to camp we had but very little dry clothing put on we had to make the best of our poor circumstances and put our trust in God our father that we may take no harm from our wet cloths it was too late to go for wood and water the wood was far away that night the ground was frozen so hard we was unable to drive any tent pins in as the tent was wet when we took it down in the morning it was somewhat frozen so we stretched it open the best we could and got in under it..."

Patience Loader, though no grammarian, was not lacking in determination nor fortitude. She was a dedicated recorder. Her journals have graphically revealed for historians and writers perhaps a partial understanding of the true conditions encountered by the handcart companies. Apparently, equally dedicated to her new faith and new Church she writes;

"...It seemed the Lord fitted the back for the burden. Every day we realize that the hand the hand of God was over us and that we made good his promises unto us day by day... We know that his promises never and this we proved day by day. We knew that we had not strength of our own to perform such hardships if our heavenly Father had not helped us..."

Indeed the Lord must have fitted the back for the burden - how else could these pushers and pullers endure the depressive deprivations of this long trail of death and suffering in his lonely land.

The three companies of Captains Ellsworth, McArthur and Bunker had conquered the elements and rigors of the long trail - having breasted the uphills and downhills and with joy and rejoicing, with great huzzas, trudged into the City of their dreams in late September. They left some on the trail - however, their few days early start proved to be providential. They were comfortably ensconced in the environs of civilization - however, vitally concerned of their fellow Saints yet on the trail.

One must wonder how such a short span of 15 or 30 days can make such a difference in the weather conditions of the high country - one must experience such sudden changes first hand to understand. To the Companies of Willie and Martin such abrupt changes in temperature and weather were completely beyond their comprehension.

Early in the march, as their carts began to break down, they became worn and weary and footsore, they discarded much of their clothing, foodstuffs and necessities to lighten the ever increasing loads and decreasing strength. Winter came on finding them very poorly clad and virtually without food. Thus the Willie-Martin Companies were to become the focus of a giant rescue effort organized by fellow Saints as the news of their plight reached Salt Lake City in early October. It would be weeks, long, tortuous weeks, freezing and starving weeks, before any rescue efforts could possibly reach the beleaguered Companies.

Meantime, death and suffering took their toll. Aaron Jack-

son, the "poor brother" Patience Loader had seen disappear in the Sweetwater had been rescued - however, his exposure was too great for his weakened body and spirit, Josiah Rogerson had cared for him as best he could, covering him with what thin bedclothes were available. Rogerson tried to sleep nearby - called out at midnight for guard duty - he found Jackson frozen stiff, "I found that he was dead with his exhausted wife and little ones by his side all sound asleep... I did not wake his wife..."

The General Church Conference convened on October 5, 1856. Apostle Franklin D. Richards had trotted his fast team and light buggy into the City the day previous, October 4th; a mere thirty days from Florence. The Willie-Martin Companies had now been on the trail more than 80 days - and were still weeks from the haven they must have envisioned in their precarious state. Elder Richards would speak to the Conference assembly reporting his activities and referring to the Handcart Companies; he spoke of the new Saints faith that it would be an open fall (Autumn) and that God would "...overrule the storms that may come in the season thereof, and turn them away, that their path may be freed from suffering more than they can bear..." One must wonder about the reasoning here - Richards, no new-comer to the high plains and the Rockies must have known the devastating weather conditions in the mountains in October.

President Brigham Young, followed Richards in addressing the assembly. Brigham was alarmed and let it be known in no uncertain terms. He wanted immediately, sixty or sixty-five teams, mules or horses, twelve or fifteen freight wagons with forty young teamsters who could brave the snow, twelve tons of flour and contributions of winter clothing, bedding, medical supplies, foodstuffs and any other articles which might assist the stranded handcarts. "You may rise up now... and give your names..." The response was immediate and overwhelming.

Two days later on October 7th, George D. Grant and William H. Kimball were heading a well provisioned wagon train back over the lonely trail they had so recently traversed. Six days later, they were at Fort Bridger - with no indication or information of the stranded Saints. They pushed on through a raging snowstorm to the upper Sweetwater where two exhausted riders on two emaciated mules, half frozen and coated with ice appeared on the trail to inform Grant and Kimball that the Willie Company was on down the trail a full and fast days march. Furthermore, they were dying, several every night. The wagon train made a forced march, bucking snow and ground blizzard for twenty-five miles down the Sweetwater - here the Willie Company had huddled for two bitter days - fully prepared to perish within hours.

The stalwart young men from Salt Lake City had arrived none too soon - they appeared as savior saints to the half delirious new Mormons. Again chronicler Chislett writes; "...That evening for the first time in quite a period the songs of Zion were heard in camp, and peals of laughter... The change seemed almost miraculous, so sudden was it from grave to gay, from sorrow to gladness..."

The remnants, the survivors of the Willie Company were now fed, sparingly, clothed and warmed - the Martin Company was yet in the throes of disaster. It was now October 27th. Three horsemen, Joseph A. Young, Abel Garr and Dan Jones were dispatched to find them.

The three riders, on the best mounts available, with one mule pack animal rode hard for a full day through a ground blizzard, bucking drifts from three to five feet deep, whipping their arms and hands to maintain circulation - with hope dwindling at each bone-chilling mile. Could any human survive in such bitter cold - even if well fed and clothed? After more than 15 hours in the saddle, late evening with little light left, a plaintive shout carried

on the howling caught their attention. The saddle animals immediately sensed the presence of humans, a ghoulish figure appeared in the maelstrom and the Martin Company had been found.

Stranded and snowbound with the Hodgett wagon train who were also in serious trouble, both groups suffering from exhaustion and cold and completely out of foodstuffs. To add to an already abysmally bewildering condition the three horsemen were informed that the Hunt wagon train were also stranded another days ride eastward. Hunt and Hodgett were supposedly traveling together. The saddle weary riders hurriedly emptied the pack mule's panniers, a pitifully small ration for the gaunt and freezing travelers, urged them to keep moving, remounted and urged their mounts on to aid the Hunt wagons, if possible.

Upon returning, two days later and upon finding they could do little for the Hunt train, they found the handcarts had moved but not more than one mile. Dan Jones recorded;

"...A condition of distress here met my eyes that I never saw before or since. There were old men pulling and tugging their carts, sometimes loaded with a sick wife or children - women pulling along sick husbands - little children six to eight years old struggling through the mud and snow. As night came on the mud would freeze on their clothes and feet. There were two of us and hundreds needing help. What could we do? We gathered on to some of the most helpless with our rias tied to the carts, and helped as many as we could into camp..."

In the dim, freezing hours of the winter dawn the next morning the express riders once again mounted and urged their trail weary mounts westward to George D. Grant had holed-up half the relief wagons at Devil's awaiting word from his three scouts. Devil's Gate offered some crude shelter from the elements and by now was fairly well supplied with relief supplies - information had been received here that not less than 250 well stocked relief wagons were bucking snow and wind and cold out from Salt Lake City. The Salt Lake City Saints were making every possible effort to get supplies through to the rapidly diminishing handcart companies who were now counting hours and minutes of life.

The dead no longer received the formality and luxury of burial - the frozen ground could not be broken by the weakened efforts of the survivors - the dead were merely deposited in a snowbank. The sinister figures of the grey prairie wolves were never far off.

One can scarcely imagine the demoralizing desolation that creeps over the mind, the spirit and will of people in such circumstances. The perpetual cold, the gnawing hunger, never satiated, the sheer exhaustion and the stark thought of no relief in sight must have eaten away their very will to live.

The relief wagons pushed on. Seasoned mountain travelers had never seen such harsh weather conditions on the trail. Some of the rescuers reasoned that none of the handcarts could have possibly survived, and finding themselves in serious straits turned on the backtrack to shelter. One determined horseman, Eph Hanks, rode on with his pack mule panniers packed with supplies, a pitifully small ration for the hollow-gutted company in distress. By pure chance, he stumbled onto the Martin group, huddled in the raging blizzard, now completely resigned and consigned to fate.

Hanks judiciously distributed his small stores and tried to boost their spirits. Hanks, no tyro at mountain survival, dug into his saddle bags for his surgical tools - a pair of scissors, a small saw and a sinister looking Bowie knife. "Many such I washed with water and castile soap, until the frozen parts would fall off, after which I would sever the shreds of flesh from the remaining

portions of the limbs with my scissors. Some of the emigrants lost toes, others fingers, and again others whole hands and feet..." Hanks describes his procedures in graphic detail. One ten year old girl was strapped to a board, her frozen stockings removed taking with them most of the frozen flesh, and with dispatch, Eph severed both legs just below the knee with his Bowie knife and saw. No medication within 400 miles.

The Willie and Martin Companies were to leave behind more than 200 of their comrades, in shallow graves on the plains or deposited in the frozen snowbanks of the mountains. The Hunt and Hodgett wagon trains left many, however, being better provisioned and sheltered, their losses were proportionately fewer.

The first of the half-frozen and bedraggled Willie Company crested the last rise in Emigration Canyon to catch their first glimpse of the fabled City - during the full month of November the stragglers arrived - some now riding in comparative comfort in the rescue wagons. Some few, defiant, determined, iron-willed and unsinkable, still pushing and pulling their meager possessions in the rickety carts. The carts had now become such a part of their existence that there had now sprung up a strange hate love relationship between the carters and their carts.

One such relationship, fact, fiction or legend, had been written and repeated for its obscure humor and graphic reflection of stubborn and indestructible human will.

Margaret Dalglish, an indomitable and iron-clad Scot of the Martin Company and whose name appears with regularity in the chronicles of the time, was to become a legend of her time. Being among the last of the Company to be pulled from the frozen wastes of the Sweetwater the survivors finally rolled down the sharp defiles of Emigration Canyon on the final days of November. Margaret had become emotionally attached to her travel worn and weathered handcart in one of those love hate affairs. Whether by chance or well planned intention she had retained possession of the battered conveyance with the remnants of her tattered and battered worldly goods, everything she had lived with for six long, lonely, insufferable and intolerable months - now grim reminders of pain and suffering.

Margaret, travel weary, scrawny and weathered, lean and sinewed from her Herculean efforts, grasped the hated contrivance by the staves, gazed out over Dream City, bowed her head in silent prayer than eased the two wheeled monster out over the crest of the near perpendicular ravine. It clattered and crashed down the snowy rock strewn slope, splintered into matchwood into oblivion - her tattered clothing festooning the Emigration Canyon boulders.

Margaret Dalglish was home - outstretched her calloused and horny hands and marched into the City to the blaring strains of Captain William Pitt's Brass Band blasting out "Pomp and Circumstance". Her ordeal had ended.

On November 30th the last segment of the Martin Company survivors were brought in - Brigham Young spoke sternly to his assembled Saints,

"...We want you to receive them as your own children... I would give more for a dish of pudding and milk, or a baked potato and salt, were I in the situation of those persons who have just come in, than I would for all your prayers, though you were to stay here all afternoon and pray..."

Other handcart companies would wend their weary way westward in 1857 - 1859 and 1850 - but none were to leave so late and so ill-prepared. Handcart travel was, indeed, feasible. □

Source and Reference Material:

Wallace Stegner (The Gathering of Zion)

Ivan J. Barrett (Eph Hanks - Fearless Mormon Scout)

MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS

Florence C. Youngberg

The other day my daughter called to say their new truck had broken down for the 3rd time. The problem was the same as they had previously had which required some extensive work on the engine. This seems to be a common thing in this day and age. I couldn't help but remember the cars my dad and grandfather had when I was small. My dad's car was a Star car. It had a cloth top and no heater or radio, but about the most that usually went wrong was a flat tire or the battery or it would need water if we went for a drive over the summit. I suppose other things needed fixing but as a small girl, these things registered. By the time dad would take the wheel off the car, take off the tire, repair the inner tube which went in the tire, put the tube back in the tire, put it back on the wheel and the wheel back on the car and hand pump the tire back up with air, a lot of time had gone by. Also, dad couldn't seem to keep clean while he was doing all this. This sometimes led to other problems. Dad would fasten the bolts as tight as he could, but I well remember riding down the street one summer day when we saw a wheel go rolling out in front of us down the street. Dad commented that someone had lost a wheel. Suddenly the car didn't have the balance that it usually had and upon investigation, dad discovered that it was our wheel. These things were part of life. The cars lasted longer and were less expensive to run than the fancy cars we have today, and were a lot less problem.

That old car took us a lot of fun places. Up the canyon, usually Millcreek or Big Cottonwood Canyons, for picnics which would last all day. We would start out early in the morning after mother had made up enough food to last for breakfast, lunch and usually dinner. It was not so difficult to find a place to spend the day. We didn't have to make application with the Parks Commission to use a picnic area. We went on hikes, played in the stream, fished, ate, slept and all the other fun things that came to mind. After dinner, dad packed the car while mother gathered the kids together and we drove home. So many happy memories. Families together, that's what it was all about.

My dad worked at Saltair in the evenings about 3 times a week. He

would leave after work and have his dinner, a hamburger, and then take tickets on the dance floor. In order for his children to be with him as much as possible, mother would put up a lunch a couple of times a week and we would take the streetcar to town where we would meet dad. Then we would ride the Saltair train out to the resort. We would stow the lunch basket and get bathings suits and go in swimming. At first, we swam on the East side of the resort until the water got too shallow, and then we swam on the West side. We were watched carefully and instructed not to get salt into our eyes or mouths but it always happened and then there was much coughing and tears, but we had fun. If we had a sore, mother would say that the salt would help it heal but oh how it would burn at first. After trying to wash off the salt and not really succeeding, we would dress and dad would retrieve the lunch and then we would enjoy sandwiches and hard boiled eggs and other goodies. The eggs always tasted good because they were well salted from the results of our swimming. When it was time for dad to go to work, mother would take us to the train and home we would go. This must have been difficult for her, catching trains and street cars with sleepy and active children, but she knew it was important for us to be together as a family.

Saltair was always a very special place to our family. As I grew older the folks let me go with dad on Monday nights where I would sit and enjoy the music. Those big name bands were special then and my dad got to know most of the leaders and musicians well. I felt very grown up. It was a great time in my life when I was finally told that I was old enough to dance with a fellow if I would bring him over and introduce him to dad. Monday was stag night. Of course over the period of several years, I got to know many of those who came each week. There were all kinds of events which went on out there including the rides and concessions. I never tried the huge giant racer because I didn't like that kind of thrill, but it was a favorite with the young people. When it finally burned down, it was a real loss as was the demise of that grand old lady - Saltair. The rides home in the open air cars will never be forgotten.

Another fun place to go was Lagoon. We didn't go out there as much because of dad's involvement with

Saltair, but I do remember "Swimming in water fit to drink". I was so used to the salt water that I had a difficult time in fresh water. But it was fun. Lagoon then, was mostly swimming, picnics and a few rides. Nothing like it is now, and then in the evening people danced. Everyone danced. Like Saltair, the dancing was a special time.

Black Rock Beach on the South Shore of the lake was fun too. When I was small, there were no bath houses, so we would get ready before we left home. The only place to shower was a leak in the big water pipe that ran on the south side of the road. It really didn't do too much good. Mother would rub us down trying to rub as much of the salt off as she could, but even that was tolerated because of the fun we had.

I have mentioned streetcars. They were an important part of life when I was small. Most people rode them because there weren't so many cars around. You met nice people on streetcars. The cars ran regular. I remember that they would all line up about midnight and wait for the last train to come in from Saltair and then they would make the last run to the various places. They weren't very warm in winter, but then we were dressed well. The conductor would have to go thru the car at the end of the run and push all the seat backs over so that people were always facing the front. Sometimes coming from school or if we rode the car as a family, we would change the seat back so we were facing each other. Very accommodating.

As a small child, I remember how we looked forward to the iceman coming a couple of times a week. We would wait anxiously for him out on the curb and when we saw him coming, one of us would have to run to tell mother so that she would have the lid of the icebox open to receive the big block of ice he would bring to help our food keep cool. When he stopped, there were always several children waiting for him to chop off the block from another larger block in the back of the wagon. We were allowed to pick up the chips from his chopping and oh how good they would taste and feel in our hot mouths during the summer months. That was as special to us then as ice cream cones were later. At first I remember the wagon was drawn by a horse, but later it was a truck.

There weren't very many ice cream stores around when I was young. I remember our two favorite stores were

Snelgroves and Laura Larsens. They were both on 21st South and once in awhile, dad would have enough extra money to treat us to an ice cream cone for the price of 5 cents each. Oh how good they were.

I remember the first time I had a milk shake. Dad had heard of a place out by St. Marks Hospital where they had a new kind of ice cream that you could drink. One day we drove out there and dad bought a huge glass of this yummy drink called a milkshake. There was enough in that one big, and I do mean big, glass to feed all of us.

Speaking of ice cream places, a great gathering place of the young people was Keeleys. For many years people of all ages congregated there. Another well known place was the A & W Rootbeer stands where you could get a large frosted mug of rootbeer for a nickel.

Fred and Kellys on South State Street was another gathering place of the young people. After a movie or dance or for any excuse, they would flock to Fred and Kellys Drive-in where you could just sit in your car and a pretty girl would come and take your order. Or you could go inside to a table. You knew you were bound to see some of your friends there if you went.

I remember the first waffle I ever ate. There was a man who put up a little stand on the East side of Highland Drive at about 23rd South. He had a new kind of pan which made a pancake look and taste differently. I was hooked after the first taste. Apparently a lot of other people were too, because he didn't last too long because mothers rushed out to try and buy one of those new fangled waffle irons.

Another interesting memory was the weekly visit of the coal truck in the winter. Of course he also came in the summer but not as often. There was a special room in the basement which had a window thru which the coal man would place one end of a long slide and then he would shovel the coal down the slide into the window. He was such a black man by the time he got to our house that I didn't know if he was white or black but I assumed that he always looked that way. We were living with grandma and grandpa by the time I really remember the coal deliveries because it was the great depression and like a lot of other people, parents had made room for their children and families who needed help. I knew that as long as that coal man

came, we would have a warm place to live.

Coal was used in grandma's big black coal stove and the yummy smells that came from that stove will always be remembered. For some reason, things baked in or cooked on a coal stove always had a special odor to them which made my mouth water. The huge turkey cooked on Thanksgiving Day and home-made loaves of bread. Yorkshire pudding, or old fashioned plum pudding all bring back special memories associated with grandma's house and the big iron stove.

Looking back, the depression wasn't such a scary thing to me as it might have been because my parents didn't let us dwell on it. We didn't have all the things we wanted, but they tried to make up for it other ways. We did things that didn't cost money. Mother made our clothes and they were beautiful. I remember that my sister needed a dress for a party and mother cut up one of her lovely dresses to make it. She said she really didn't need it anyway. Grandpa made us toys with things he had around the house so we didn't lack for fun things.

I remember the holes that appeared so fast in the soles of our shoes. No matter how careful we were, and how much we went barefoot in the summer, those holes still managed to creep up on us. Grandpa's father had been a shoemaker and as a young man, grandpa had helped him so he knew about half-soling shoes. As long as the leather that he had lasted, we had soles on our shoes, but it finally ran out, so from then on we had to do as so many other children and put layers of cardboard in our shoes. We were now in style with the other kids so we didn't feel too bad.

Another memory which children seldom have now, is that of plenty of vacant fields to run and play in. Even in the city proper, a child could usually find a vacant lot without going very far. Oh what special delights a field could hold. It was a place to play ball, a place to dig a cave, a place to set up a maypole for May Day, a place to just lay and watch the clouds go by and pick out and imagine different things that the clouds looked like. I doubt that many children now take the time. There were flowers to pick, and other things that could be done in vacant lots to pass the summer hours away.

In winter there were snow caves to build, forts to be erected behind which

we would hide and form a large stack of snowballs to be thrown at any luckless person or child which happened by. If you lived outside the city limits, the snow would stack up a little deeper and the wind would blow a little harder and soon walking to school could be done on top of the snow because it had frozen so hard. If it got a little warmer, then the snow crust would soften and on the way home, then, it was fun to sink deep in the snow or lay down and make angel wings. When we got home finally, there was our beloved sleighs to use. If we were lucky and had a hill nearby, we would race down the hill on our sleighs while laying flat on our stomachs. For a boy to sit up after he was about 5, was considered sissified. We would run and slam down on our stomachs on the sleighs and the faster we could run, the further and faster the sleigh would go. I remember the first time I tried it. I got back like I was told and ran real hard and then stopped and put the sleigh on the ground and layed on it - but it didn't go anywhere and I was so disappointed. I soon learned. Little children would sit on a sleigh with big brothers or sisters pulling the children or sometimes mother or dad would join in the fun. I well remember after a special Christmas when Santa had brought us a beautiful sleigh, that mother and dad decided to take us sleigh riding. We went over to the hollow and had a most delightful time going down the hill. Finally dad got into the spirit and decided that he should go down the hill on his stomach like he used to do. He slammed down at the edge of the hill and down he went. As he got half-way down, he hit a jump which the neighborhood kids had built. When he came down, the weight was too much and the runners flattened out on each side of the sleigh and that was the end of our sleigh.

There was ice skating at Liberty Park. Those children, especially the teenagers who lived close by the park, would put on their skates and spend the evenings on the ice. In those days before so many cars and homes put so much heat in the air, the ice would remain frozen solid all winter. Bon-fires would be built around the edge of the pond to thaw out those who ventured on the ice. Games were played and plain skating or even some fancy skating was ventured, but mainly a good time was had by all.

I've heard so much fun made by the younger generation of parents and grandparents who said that they would walk

several miles to go to school. The younger generation seem to think that it just was a made up story, but it wasn't so. Those who lived close to cities might have a short distance to go, but if you lived very far outside the city limits, it was not unusual to have to walk at least a mile and sometimes 3 or 4 miles. Those who were lucky would have a horse to ride, but most often they would have to walk. I know of a man who often told the story of how he had a teacher that used to make him stay after school because he was a little slow in his lessons. He was only 6 years old. When it was good weather it wasn't so bad, but when winter came and it got dark early, he would have to walk home alone and often during the winter, there would be coyotes out which was frightening for him during the several miles he had to walk. No, it wasn't a figment of the imagination that distances were great. Sometimes when families were large and finances low, the children would take turns going to school for the payment of one student. This was not unusual. The difference was that those people wanted to learn and were willing to do what they had to do to learn.

I was shopping in J.C. Penney's the other day and couldn't help but compare the store as it is today with the first one I remember. I used to love to go there with my mother. You could find almost anything that you needed in that store. It was on 21st South and about 10th East. The wood was stained, not painted. There were so many shelves behind the counter plus the cases that stood in the middle of the room. But the thing that was the most fascinating for me was when mother would give them the money to pay for the goods she had purchased, the clerk would write up a ticket, put that, along with the money, in a little container which was then attached to a pulley which ran from the main floor to the office on the mezzanine. The person in the office would remove the money, make change if needed, and send the ticket and change back in the container, down the pulley to the clerk. It was fun to watch those little containers traveling up and down all over the store. In those days, you didn't get short changed or over charged. You also were fairly certain that what you bought would be worth what you paid for it.

There was much more in department stores then than just clothes. You could wander for hours looking at the

many wonderful things which were sold. I remember my grandfather taking me thru the Kress store when I was young. It was such a wonderful place to go. When we got home, grandfather told mother that he wished he had enough money to turn me loose in the store and let me shop to my heart's content. I do remember the proud day when I had \$2.00 I had saved and I was able to purchase a gift for my brother and sister and dad and mother with a few pennies left over.

Christmas Eve was the busiest day in the stores because many people received their money then. The streets and stores were crowded with shoppers. Carolers wandered through the stores singing and it was a merry mood.

I remember the winter underwear that we used to wear. Long legs and sleeves and a "trap door" in the back which did indeed trap the young child because they couldn't reach around to button it back up. There were long lisle stockings, usually black or white. They were fastened up by garters connected to a garter belt. I remember how I disliked winter to come because of these clothes. But they did keep us warm. Even the boys wore them. The boys' pants and the girls' clothes were often scratchy because they were made of wool.

Christmas was a special time. Many children didn't get more than one gift and there were lots of children who didn't get any gifts but there was plenty of love in the homes. Many of the gifts were homemade. Usually something that was needed. I was one of the lucky little girls. During my childhood, I got a baby doll when I was small and by the time I was eight, I received my beloved Patsy Anne doll. I still have her. I seldom see a girl of eight or ten with dolls anymore but it was common then.

I remember the old silent movies. Actions were exaggerated to put over a point. The words were usually printed on the screen. There was always an organ or piano to play along with the movie to help set the mood for the movie. Quiet, romantic, busy, terror, fear, speed, etc. All moods were registered in the accompanying music. Those people who played the organ or piano really had to be accomplished musicians.

When the sound came it was great. I remember the first sound picture. We were so excited. To think that those on the screen could actually be heard. It was absolutely unbelievable. For many

of us, there were ward movies on weekends where we could go to either the afternoon show or the evening show. It didn't cost much and was such fun.

When the colored movies came, wow! That was something else. We now had it all. What more could anyone ask for. But somehow the excitement of those old silent films was gone. Serial movies disappeared too. TV, video, you name it, nothing will ever be quite the same. Memories, maybe.

There are a couple of other memories which come to mind. The old side-walk plows which were used to clear the snow. The county sent out men with a large wooden plow which was shaped in a backward V. The plow was drawn by a horse. A man would ride on a cross bar at the open end of the V. He would take the plow up and down the sidewalks to clear off the snow. It was fun to watch.

Radio shows! Amos and Andy, Myrt and Marge, Our Gal Sunday, Jack Benny and many many more. We would all gather around the radio to hear these shows. They were great artists to be able to make us feel the excitement of the story by merely talking over the air. Imaginations were very important then. I feel that people and especially children are missing a lot now by not having to depend on their imagination to get the enjoyment out of radio and movies, a cloud drifting by, playing house, having pretend friends. Yes, sir, I'm glad my memories are of that special time that I lived when kids could be kids and not have to grow up so fast.

Memories. I wonder if they really were as wonderful as I remember them. □

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CHAPTER

ORRIN P. MILLER

Orrin P. Miller died Friday, November 8, 1991. Born November 14, 1908 in Lincoln/Pine Canyon, Utah, the oldest child of Olaf Anders Peder Miller and Hilda Hansen Miller. Graduated from Tooele High School and attended Utah State University for two years. He married Amy Anderson in 1932 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple and established his own residence in Tooele. He was the father of one son and one daughter, 6 grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. He worked for 31 years at Tooele Army Depot and retired as a Management Analyst in the Management Engineering Division in 1973. He was active in various clubs and civic organizations. He was honored by the Tooele County Wildlife Federation in 1989 as Sportsman of the Year. In 1966, he was presented with the Wildlife Conservation Award Trophy by the Governor and the Utah and National Wildlife Federations for outstanding contribution to the wise use and management of the nations natural resources. A dedicated historian, he was a life/charter member of the Settlement Canyon Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers where he served as vice president of tours and excursions. In 1989 and 1990 he and his wife were awarded the Distinguished Couple award by the National SUP for their work in preserving Utah State history. He was a self-described organizer, gardener, tour guide, trail boss, geologist, inventor, historian and poet.

H. KENNETH BROWN

Harry Kenneth Daniels Brown, 85, died August 4, 1991 in Ogden. He was born August 13, 1905 in Farr West, a son of Harry Daniels and Goria Folkman Brown. He married June Agren on August 10, 1931 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. He had lived in Ogden all of his life. He received his B.S. Degree in Biological Science from Utah State University, after attending BYU and Weber Academy. He was a member of the Harrisville 1st LDS Ward where he was a High Priest. Served an LDS Mission to London, England and held several positions of leadership in the church. He was President of the Ogden Education Association; Chairman of the Bona Vista Water Improvement Dist.; Chairman of the Planning Comm. of Harrisville City; First Justice of the Peace of Harrisville City, a member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, a life member of the N.E.A. and U.E.A. He had been a teacher at Weber High School and Washington Jr. High; asst. Principal at Washington Elementary and Principal at Pingree Elementary and Edison Elementary Schools. Survived by his wife, three sons, 21 grandchildren.

WAYNE B. MARSH

Wayne B. Marsh, 74, died November 21, 1991 in Ogden. He was born October 13, 1917 in Salt Lake City, a son of Ross Alton and Annie Bell Marsh. He married Juanita R. Webber on February 17, 1945 in Ogden. He had lived in Evanston, Wyoming, Las Vegas, Nevada and in the Ogden area the past 60 years. He was a High Priest in the Lomond View LDS Ward. He had been active in the Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts programs. He received the Achievement of Merit Award. He was a former member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. He retired from Hill Air Force Base where he had been an instrument repairman. He was a veteran of World War II, serving with the U.S. Army and was awarded the Bronze Star. Survived by his wife and two sons, six grandchildren, two sisters..

JOHN "JACK" AYRE

John "Jack" Ayre, 85, died December 10, 1991 in Salt Lake City. Born December 10, 1906 in Scofield, Utah to John Robson and Catherine Ayre. He was a High Priest in the Parleys First Ward, was a Scouter of the year, and was president of the Salt Lake Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. He owned and operated the Ayre Barber and Beauty Supply. He is survived by his wife, three sons, 14 grandchildren one great-grandchild and a sister.

CLARENCE LEROY "SILKY" KNUDSEN

Clarence LeRoy "Silky" Knudsen, 87, died June 22, 1991. He was born on September 9, 1903 in Provo, a son of Herman and Amanda Evert Knudsen. He married Viola Morris on June 10, 1931 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. He was raised in Provo on the Knudsen farm and attended Provo schools. He graduated from BYU. He was an outstanding athlete at BYU, earned 13 letters in football, basketball, wrestling and track. He taught school and was athletic coach for 15 years at North Summit High School in Coalville. Returning to Provo in 1942, taught P.E. and Health at Dixon, Central and Farrer Jr. High Schools. He was active in the LDS church as well as community affairs, serving on the Provo City Board of Adjustment for 20 years. He had served as a Boy Scout counselor for first aid and helped in the Red Cross organization. Served as a member of the Provo Boat Harbor committee. He was a life member of the Sons of Utah Pioneers of the George A. Smith Chapter. He was inducted into the Utah Sports Coaches Hall of Fame by The Old Time Athletes Assoc. Survived by his wife, one son 4 grandchildren.

MARK JEROME REEVE

Mark J. Reeve of Holladay died November 15, 1991. Born February 2, 1907 in Hinckley, Utah to John and Emma Harmon Reeve. He married Myre (Marie) Wiscombe on August 28, 1930 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Graduated from Millard Academy where he began is life-long interest in sports. He attended BYU on an athletic scholarship, where he lettered in football, basketball and track. He was a participant in track in the Olympic trials of 1928. He was inducted into the BYU Athletic Hall of Fame in 1980. His successful coaching career spanned three decades. Active member of the LDS church and because of his great love of youth, he frequently served in ward and stake MIA callings as well as High Priests groups and bishoprics. He was a guide on Temple Square for 13 years. He was also a member and past president of the Mill's Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Survived by his wife of 61 years, a son, a daughter, three granddaughters, four brothers, three sisters.

THE BLAZED TRAIL

I walked this trail into the woods
when sky was blue as indigo.
The ranger's axe had blazed the trees.
He'd marked on bark the way to go.

The way was strewn with fallen young
that died denied the rays of sun,
Laying twisted wasted away,
squelched by shade of a giant one.

The winding path o'er stream and hill
had sights to see along the way;
but time does pass and lights grow dim.
I should return while it is day.

But looking back the trail I'd come,
that which I saw gave me some fright.
The trees weren't blazed for my return,
I must go on into the night.

—H. Bartley Heiner





HYDE'S ENCORE TOURS & TRAVEL WISH TO EXPRESS A SINCERE THANK YOU TO THOSE OF YOU WHO WENT ON THE NATIONAL SUP DEEP SOUTH TOUR IN 1991. Marilyn Hyde put the tour together, and it was fun for Marilyn and Palmer to work out all the tour details with your very capable National President, Mr. Ken Rasmussen and his wife Elsie, and your National Trek Master, Mr. Glen Greenwood and his wife Donna. While these folks represented the National SUP - they also represented us on this tour - for a job well done!

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May 9th - 17th, 1992
9 Days/ 8 Nights

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10Days/9 Nights

This years festival tour will feature VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, SEATTLE, a cruise up the COLUMBIA RIVER on a NAVAL SHIP, all of the festivities of the ROSE FESTIVAL, and much more!

Watch for exciting future tours in upcoming issues of the Pioneer

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**Winter Quarters-Nauvoo-Carthage**  
**Adam-ondi-Ahman-Far West-Independence-Liberty Jail**  
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